MALATI AND MADHAVA

INTRODUCTION.

MALATI and MADHAVA; or, the loves of the Youth Madhava and the maiden Malati has been already introduced to the knowledge of European readers, as an outline of the plot and a translation of part of the fifth Act were published by Mr. Colebrock in his Essay on Sanskrit and Prakrit Prosody. The specimens then given were calculated to convey a favourable impression of the merits of the drama, which the perusal of the entire piece will probably confirm.

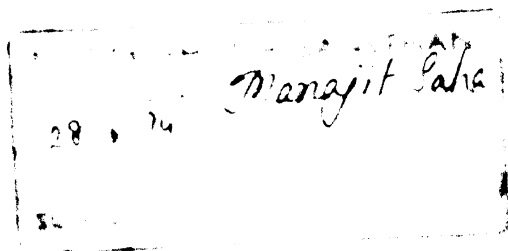
The story of "Malati and Madhava" is one of pure invention, and the piece belongs to the class of compositions termed Prakarana. It is referred to as an example of the class by all the works on Rhetoric, the oldest of which it consequently precedes. The history of the drama, however, or more correctly of its author, is attended with more certainty than most of the topics of the literary history of the Hindus.

By the introductions to "Malati and Madhava," and the other dramas of the same writer, the "Uttara-Rama-Charitra" and the "Vira-Charitra," we are made fully acquainted with his origin and family. It appears from these accounts that Bhavabhuti, also named Srikantha, or he in whose throat eloquence resides, was the son of a native of the South of India, a Brahman of Berar or Beder, and a member

of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the sage Kasyapa, of whom it is said that some are still to be found in the vicinity of Condavir. The site of Bhavabhuti's birth-place is fully corroborated by the peculiar talent he displays in describing nature in her magnificience, a talent very unusual in Hindu bards, who delight to portray her minuter beauties, and one which he no doubt derived from his early familiarity with the eternal mountains and forests of Gondwana.

It appears, however, that the place of Bhavbhuti's nativity was not the scene of his literary triumphs and that these were attained under the patronage of the princes of Hindustan. The precision with which he delineates the topographical features of Ujjayini and its vicinity, leaves little doubt of his having spent some time at that city, for accuracy in this respect could have been obtained at any time in India only by actual observation. The "Bhoja-Pravandha" indeed, includes Bhavabhuti amongst the writers at the court of Bhoja at Dhar, but, as intimated else-where, this work can only be received as an authority for the priority of the writers described in it to the date of its own composition; the grouping, whether as regards place or time, being altogether fanciful. A preferable authority, the text of the "[illegible]-Rupaka," refers Bhavabhuti to some period anterior to Munja, predecessor of Bhoja, by its alluding clearly to Malati and Madhava, and from it therefore we

of some passages has led to an inexact interpretation of their import, the prosaic prolixity of others has involved the necessity of considerable compression and occasional omissions. The latter, when of any importance, will be particularised as they occur.

"Malati and Madhava" divides with "Sakuntala" the honour of being still occasionally, although not very commonly read by the Pandits, copies of it, therefore, are not very scarce. That used for the present translation was transcribed from Mr. Colebrooke's, as being singularly free from errors. It had the advantage also of being illustrated by two excellent commentaries. The most copious of these is the work of Jagaddhara, the son of Ratnadhara, described as a learned teacher, the prince of Pandits and poets, and administrator of law; the other is by a royal hand, the Rajadhiraja Malanka. We have no further particulars of these commentators, except that the first is known to have been a Maithila Brahman, and not very ancient.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Madhava.—The son of Devarata, studying at Padmavati in love with Malati.

Makaranda.—His friend, in love with Madayantika.

Kalahamsa.—Madhava's servant.

Aghoraghanta.—Priest of Chamunda, a terrific goddess.

A messenger.

Women.

Malati.—The daughter of the Minister of State Bhuriwasu, in love with Madhava.

Madayantika.—The sister of Nandana and friend of Malati, in love with Makaranda.

Kamandaki.—Priestess of Buddha, nurse of Malati, and preceptress of Madhava.

Kapala-Kundala.—Priestess of Chamunda.

Saudamini.—Disciple of Kamandaki, and possessor of magical powers.

Lavangika.—Foster-sister of Malati.

Mandarika.—Attendant of Kamandaki, beloved by Kalahamsa.

Buddharakshita } Disciples of Kamandaki.
Avalokita }

Female Attendants.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

The Sovereign of Padmavati.

Nandana.—His favourite, the brother of Madayantika.

Bhurivasu.—His minister, the father of Malati.

Devarata.—The father of Madhava, and Minister at Kundinapura.

SCENE.—Ujjayini (Ougein), designated mos usually as *Padmavati*, and its vicinity

TIME.—A few days.

PRELUDE.

BENEDICTION.

MAY the trepidations of Vinayaka's countenance, attended by the cry of terror, long preserve you! those trepidations which at the dance of Sulapani proceeded from the entrance into his nostrils of the Lord of serpents with contracted hood, frightened at the cry of Kumara's peacocks, upon hearing the sound of the tabor struck by the delighted Nandi, and whence the regions were filled with the buzzing of bees flying away from his temples.

May the tresses interwoven with a circular garland of serpents for flowers, where the waters of the Mandakini are flowing over the lower chaplet of skulls worn in the crest, luminous with the light of the eye of the forehead, sparking like lightning, and of which the young moon is confounded with the point of the Ketaka flower, preserve thee!

Enter MANAGER.

Enough! what need of prolixity. (*Looking to the East.*) Ha! the celestial luminary, enlightening all the divisions of the world, is completely risen. I salute him. (*Bowing.*) Oh thou the universal form, who art the vessel of all auspicious light, be

Ava.—But why this mystery? Why should not wed
The youth and maiden as their state becomes them?
And why to you their stolen loves entrusted?

Kam.—The favourite of the sovereign, Nandana,
Sues him for Malati. The king demands
The maiden of her father. To evade
His anger if the suit should be rejected,
Is this ingenious device adopted.

Ava.—Yet why this strange to Madhava? his name
Seems even to the minister unknown.
Small proof of his regard.

Kam.—A mere pretext. He knows youth indiscreet,
And fears to trust the lovers with his counsels.
Let the world deem their union was the work
Of mutual passion only, so the king
And Nandana are foiled, nor we to blame.
A wise man veils his projects from the world,
N[illegible] to his schemes, whilst all his acts
Bespeak [illegible], and his cheerful manners,
Show to suspicion's eye a heart at ease.

Ava.—I comprehend your plans—and for this cause
That by your orders I so often Madhava
Have sent on various pleas along the road
By Bhurivasu's palace.

Kam.—True: and as I learn,
The princess from her casement has beheld

propitious to me, and enable me to support the burthen of the drama; remove from me, Lord of the world, thus prostrate, every sin, and augment all that is favourable to success. (*Looking off the stage.*) Ho! Marisha! the auspicious preparations are complete; from all quarters persons of distinction have come to celebrate the festival of Kalapriyanatha, and I have been commanded by these wise and learned auditors to represent to them some new dramatic tale. How now! are the actors lazy?

Enter ACTOR.

Actor.—We are not informed, sir, of the kind of piece required by the audience.

Man.—Say, Marisha, what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned, and the Brahmans require in a drama?

Actor.—Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character, delicate expression of desire, a surprising story, and elegant language.

Man.—Then I recollect one.

Actor.—What is it, sir?

Man.—There is in the South, and in the province of Vidarbha, a city named Padmanagara, where dwelt certain Brahmans of the family of Kasyapa, and followers of the Tittiri portion of the Vedas according to the teacher Charana; taking precedence at festivals, maintaining the five fires, observers of

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The princess from her casement has beheld

The youth—he graceful as the god of love,
Herself love's blooming bride—nor seen in vain.
Her waning form too faithfully betrays
The lurking care she now first learns to suffer.

Ava.—To soothe that care, then, has her skill portrayed
The lineaments of Madhava, to-day
Left by her foster-sister with Mandarika.

Kam.—In sooth not ill devlsed. Lavangika
Knows that the youth's attendant, Kalahamsa,
Doth love Mandarika, and shrewdly deems
That from her hands he will obtain the portrait
To show his master.

Aaa.—I have borne my part;
And to the garden of love's god directed
The steps of Madhava at early dawn.
It is the festival of Madana. The princess
And damsel train will to his groves proceed,
And thus the youthful pair to-day will meet.

Kam.—Thanks, daughter, for your kindly zeal to aid
The object of my wishes. But now inform me,
If you have tidings of Saudamini,
Mine ancient pupil?

Ava.—I learn that upon mount Sri-Parvata
She now resides, where, won by desp'rate penance,
Power more than earthly waits upon her will.

Kam.—Whence is this information?

MALATI AND MADHAVA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—KAMANDAKI'S HOUSE.

Enter KAMANDAKI *and* AVALOKITA.

Kam.—Daughter, Avalokita.

Ava.—Mistress, your commands?

Kam.—I have a task in hand: connubial rites
Must join the amiable progeny
Of Bhurivasu and of Devarata,
Long cherished friends: fair Malati the maid,
And Madhava the youth. Auspicious signs
Forerun a happy fate, and even now
My throbbing eye-ball tells propitious destiny
Shall crown my schemes.

Ava.—In truth an anxious care
This business proves; and much it moves my
wonder,

How it should happen, one in rank and power.
High raised, as Bhurivasu, should require,
To wed his child, the services of one
Arrayed in tattered weeds, whose humble food
Is the scant dole of charity, and whose thoughts
Disdain the obstacles that worldly troubles
Oppose to sanctity and final bliss.

Kam. Thou errest, daughter. That the minister
Appoints me to such duty, is the fruit
Of his regard and confidence, and with prayers
And penances, and life, I am prepared
All that my friend ordains me to fulfil.
Recall you not, when from far distant realms
Assembling students crowded to our school
To gather science? Then, before my friend,
Saudamini and me, it was convened
By these two statesmen—at that time associate
In amity and study—that their children,
When ripe in years, in love should be united.
Hence Devarata, Vidarbha's king,
The pious councillor, sends from the capital
Kundinapur, to study in our schools,
His son the blooming Madhava, a youth
Of more than common merit, to acquit
The troth erst plighted, thus by him recalled
To the remembrance of his ancient friend.

religious obligations, drinkers of the Soma juice, possessing names of note, and learned in the Vedas. These Brahmans constantly reverenced the study of holy writ, for the knowledge of truth; wealth, for the celebration of religious rites; wives, for the propagation of offspring; and life, for the practice of devotion.

Of this family, the grandson of one whose well-selected name Bhatta-Gopala, and the son of the pure in fame Nilakantha, whose auspicious appellation was Bhavabhuti, surnamed Srikantha, and whose mother was Jatukarni, a poet familiar through friendship with actors, has given us a drama composed by him, replete with all qualities. To which indeed this sentence is applicable. "How little do they know who speak of us with censure! This entertainment is not for them. Possibly some one exists, or will exist, of similar tastes with myself: for time is boundless, and the world is wide."

Again, what avails it to boast a knowledge of the Yoga, of the Sankhya, of the Upanishads, or of the Vedas? no benefit accrues from them in a dramatic composition. Fertility of imagination, melody of expression, and richness of meaning, are the indications of learning and of genius. Such a drama has been entrusted to us by the friendly and venerable Bhavabhuti entitled Malati and Madhava, one written by himself. Let all the actors prepared to represent this with their best abilities in the presence

May mighty *Brahma*, whose consummate skill
With sympathising merit has endowed
The graceful pair, perfect his high design.
May our devices prosper: may the youth
Obtain his wishes, and his love be crowned
With the fair maid's affection: as the lotus,
Buds in full beauty to the tender light
The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A GARDEN.

Enter KALAHAMSA (*with a picture.*)

I wonder where my master is to be found: he may well think his person equal to that of love himself, since it has made an impression upon the heart of Malati. I feel rather weary, and shall take the liberty of reposing myself in this grove till I see my master and his friend.

[*Retires.*

Enter MAKARANDA.

I learn from Avalokita, my friend
Is in the grove of Madana, and thither
I go to seek him. Ha! he comes this way:
Yet something sure disturbs him, for his step
Has not its wonted nimbleness, his eyes
Are fixed on vacancy, his whole attire
Is disarrayed, and heaves his frequent sigh.
Has love been busy here, whose potent will,
By every lovely attribute administered,

Pervades the world, and on the form of youth,
Works sad and wondrous change?

Enter MADHAVA.

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange, my vagrant thoughts
No more return to me. Deserting shame,
Or self-respect, or fortitude, or judgment,
They dwell perverse upon one fond idea—
The lovely image of the moon-faced maid.
Wonder alone each faculty engrossed
As rapt I gazed upon her, and my heart,
As if immersed in heavenly nectar, glowed
Delusive ecstasy: too late I feel
I nursed a burning coal within my bosom.

Mak.—(*Coming forward.*) Madhava!
The sun is high, and darts his fiercest rays
Upon the aching brow: here let us enter,
And rest awhile beneath the garden's shade.

Madh.—Even as you please.

[*Exeunt.*

KALAHAMSA *advances.*

My master and his friend are undoubtedly the two greatest ornaments of this garden. Well, shall I now take him this picture of himself—the delight of the eyes of Malati and solace of her amorous pain; perhaps I had better let him repose himself awhile. It shall be so.

Exit.

ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

Enter MADHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mak.—Here, at the foot of this wide-spreading tree,
Amidst the fragrance that the breezes waft
Abroad from every bud, let us recline.
[*They lie down.*

To-day was one of peril, Madhava.
You could not sure behold the num'rouse
concours.
Of all our city's beauty, bound to pay
Their annual homage at the shrine of love,
And scape unharmed. In sooth, to me it
seems
The shaft has 'lighted, and has grazed thy
heart.
Nay, never droop the lotus of thy face
If struck, reveal thy heart: why shame to
bear it?
Who can resist the heart-born deity?
Creatures of passion, all confess his power,
And Gods themselves are impotent as we.

Madh.—I own my weakness—listen to its cause.
By Avalokita advised, I went
To *Kamadeva's* temple, where I strayed,
Till weary I reclined beside a fountain
That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,
Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton
bees

To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.
Lulled by their songs, and tempted by the shade,
I laid me down, and in pure idleness,
To while away the time, I gathered round me
The new fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove
A flowery garland. Whilst I was thus employed.
There issued from the fane a beauteous maid.
Stately her gait—yet graceful as the banner
Love waves in triumph o'er a prostrate world.
Her train bespoke a princely rank—her garb
With youth's appropriate ornaments was graced—
Her form was beauty's shrine, or of that shrine
Radiant she moved the guardian deity.
To mould her charms, whatever nature offers
Fairest and best, had surely been assembled,
And love omnipotent was her creator.
Led by her maidens to recollect the flowers.
That thickly hung on my o'ershadowing tree,
She neared the spot. Ah! then too plain I noted
The signs of passion, for some happy youth,
Long entertained, the lovely maid revealed.
As slender as the lotus stalk her shape;
Her pallid cheeks, like unstained ivory,
Rivalled the beauty of the spotless moon;

And still her prompt compliance with the wishes
Of her attendant damsels showed herself
Indifferent to all. I scarce had gazed
Upon her, but my eye felt new delight,
As bathed with nectar, and she drew my heart
As pow'rfully as attracts the magnet gem
The unresisting ore, at once towards her.
That heart, though causeless be its sudden passion,
Is fixed on her for ever, chance what may,
And though my portion be henceforth despair.
The goddess destiny decrees at pleasure
The good or ill of all created beings.

Mak.—Nay, Madhava, this cannot be, believe me,
Without some cause. Behold! all nature's sympathies
Spring not from outward form, but inward virtue.
The lotus buds not till to the sun has risen
Nor melts the moon-gem till it feels the moon.
What then ensued?

Madh.—When her fair train beheld me, they exchanged
Expressive looks and smiles, and each to each,
As if they knew me, murmured—This is he
The music of their tinkling zones was stilled

Repressed the silver echo of their anklets
Sharp clanging to their undulating motion.
Hushed was the melody their bracelets made,
Whilst their fair lotus palms, in sportive mood,
Were beating measure to their merriment.
Silent they stood, and with extended fingers,
As if they said, "The fates have favoured us,
Lady, behold *him* here!"

Mak.—(*To himself.*) This is indeed
A proof of preconceived regard.

Kal.—(*Advancing.*) What is all this about? some pleasing story of which woman is the object?

Mak.—Proceed, my friend.

Madh.—What words shall picture what those looks conveyed,
The lore of love those lotus eyes revealed?
What firmness could resist the honest warmth
Of nature's mute expressiveness, nor fall
Before those orbs, that now like opening buds,
Beneath the creeper of the tremulous brow
Expansive bloomed, and now retiring shrunk
But half-averted from the answering gaze,
Then dropped the veiling lashes o'er their brightness?
I felt their influence, and those looks of love,
Beaming with mild timidity, and moist
With sweet adandonment, bore off my heart—

Of Bhurivasu's daughter, Malati,
Whose foster-sister, and whose nearest friend,
Lavangika now stands before you."

Kal.—This is as we wish, and fortune favours the design of the flower-armed deity.

Mak.—Malati, the daughter of the minister,
A mark for elevated rank, her name
Is ever in the mouth of her preceptress ;
And rumour adds, the king solicits her
In marriage for his favourite, Nandana.

Madh.—Requested by Lavangika I gave her
The flow'ry wreath. She took it with respect,
As 'twere a precious gift, and all the while
The eyes of Malati were fixed on her.
Bowing with reverence, she then retired.
And quickly disappeared amidst the throng.
The princess and the people left the grove
And I directed hitherward my steps.

Mak.—Your story, Madhava, most plainly shows,
That Malati's affection is your own ;
And the soft cheek, whose pallid tint denoted
Love preconceived, is pale alone for you.
She must have seen you, though we know not where ;
But maidens of her rank do not allow
Their eyes to rest on one to whom they have not
Already given their hearts : and then those looks

That passed among her maidens, plainly showed
The passion you had wakened in their mistress.
Then comes her foster-sister's clear enigma,
And tells intelligibly whose her heart.

Kal.—(*Advancing.*) Look at this picture.

Mak.—Madhava's counterfeit—whose work is this ?

Kal.—Hers who has stolen his heart.

Mak.—What, Malati ?

Kal.—The same.

Madh.—This gives me faith, dear friend, in your conjectures.

Mak.—But, Kalahamsa, how came you by this ?

Kal.—Mandarika gave it to me. She had it from Lavangika.

Mak.—And what induced the princess to delineate
This picture ? did Mandarika inform you ?

Kal.—She painted it to amuse and relieve her distress.

Mak.—What say you, Madhava ? this lovely maid,
The soft light of your eyes, assuredly
Regards you bound to her in love's alliance.
What should prevent your union ? Fate and love
Combined seem labouring to effect it. Come,
Let me behold the wondrous form that works
Such change in yours,—you have the skill ; portray her.

Like the young elephant, when fever preys
On his yet tender frame. Our only hope
Is now Kamandaki.

Madh.—'Tis strange, most strange!
Where'er I turn, the same loved charms appear
On every side. Bright as the golden bud
Of the young lotus gleams her beauteous face,
Though oft averted from my fond regards.
Alas! my friend, this fascination spreads
O'er all my senses, and a feverish flame
Consumes my strength—my heart is all on fire,
My mind is tossed with doubt—and every faculty
In one fond thought absorbed, I cease to be
Myself, or conscious of the thing I am.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

THE DWELLING OF MALATI.

Enter two FEMALE ATTENDANTS *meeting.*

First Att.—Hey, friend, I saw you just now near the music-room, in deep conversation with Avalokita: what were you two talking about?

Second Att.—The whole story of the grove of *Kama* has been carried to Kamandaki by Madhava's friend; and she being desirous of seeing Malati, sent Avalokita to her, who was telling me, that she had left Lavangika and the princess together.

First Att.—Why, Lavangika said she wanted to gather *bakula* flowers in the grove of *Madana*, and has not since returned: has she been heard of?

Second Att.—Yes, the princess saw her coming, on which she dismissed her attendants at the door of her apartments, but detained Lavangika.

First Att.—She had some very agreeable news to tell Malati, I suppose, of the youth Madhava.

Second Att.—It is a hopeless passion I am afraid, and to-day's interview will only add to her distress. To-morrow the king gives the princess to Nandana; her father has consented to the match.

First Att.—Consented!

Second Att.—Yes, he told the king that he was "lord over his own daughter." This passion of Malati and Madhava will only yield them misery as long as they live.

First Att.—Now, then, we shall see what Kamandaki can do, and whether she will put forth her power.

Second Att.—You talk idly. Come, let us depart.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MALATI *and* LAVANGIKA.

Mal.—Proceed, my dear Lavangika, proceed.

Lav.—This flowry wreath then did he send by me.

Mal.—(*Taking it.*) 'Tis strung unevenly.

Lav.—The fault is yours.

Mal.—How should that be?

Lav.—Where, deem you, were his thoughts?
Who caused that dark-hued youth's deep agitation?

Mal.—Dearest Lavangika,
You ever speak me comfort.

Lav.—There might be better comfort. He himself,
Here in your presence—gazing raft upon you
With look intent, from eyes that tremulous glow,
Like the blown lotus shaken by the zephyr,
Forced, from the timid plea of weaving chaplets,
To dart upon you glances of delight,

From underneath the arching brow, that
waves
In curve as graceful as the brow of *Kama*.

Mal.—How can I credit this? how should I know,
From such brief interview, if the graceful
youth
Be true, or if he only seek to mock me?

Lav.—You have no need to fear in this, believe me.

Mal.—Well, well; complete your story.

Lav.—When I received the garland, I departed
And mingled with the crowd; thence to
Mandarika
I hastened, to receive again the picture
That in the morning had been left with her.

Mal.—With her!—With what intent?

Lav.—She has a lover, Kalahamsaka,
A follower of Madhava, and I knew
To him the picture would be shown, and all
That thence ensued would be revealed to me.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Then Madhava has seen it?
(*Aloud.*) What is your dearest wish,
Lavangika?

Lav.—That he whose heart now pines in hopeless
passion,
May soothe his sorrows with this bright
resemblance
Of the fair cause of his distress.

(*Shows Malati the picture drawn by Madhava.*)

Mal.—(*Contemplating* it.) Yet still
My heart is ill at ease. I doubt me much
That this will prove a treach'rous comforter—
What have we here?

(*Reads Makaranda's lines.*)

Oh, Madhava! the graces of thy form,
Thy flattering tongue, and fascinating gaze,
Are all alike resistless—happy she
Who never has beheld them. On my heart
They, cruel, shed interminable anguish.
(*Weeps.*)

Lav.—Why, dearest friend, despo d?

Mal.—What should I hope?

Lav.—Be sure of this, that he on whose account,
Like the young blossom from its slender stem
Plucked rude, you droop, and taste no more the fragrance
Of the sweet jasmine—he, too, has been taught,
By love's relentless god, how hard it is
To bear such agony.

Mal.—May happiness
Await his youth; for me, I dare not hope.
This is a day of strange and changeful feelin
Love spreads through every vein like subtles poison,
And like the fire that brightens in the breeze

Consumes this feeble frame—resistless fever
Preys on each fibre—fatal is its fury.
No one can bring me aid, nor tender mother
Nor father, nor Lavangika can save me.

Lav.—Such mutual passion may, in sooth, bestow
Delight when lovers meet; but when apart
Condemns them to affliction. From a brief
And passing gaze, thy life was brought in peril;
And now to-day his nearer presence sheds
A fiercer fever on thy delicate frame.
What now is to be said? We must admit,
The rarest and most difficult attainment
Of all on earth, is union with a lover,
Of equal excellence and like affection.

Ma.—Life is distasteful to me: leave me, friend:
And yet I wrong thy gentleness. Repeatedly
Recurring to the anguish of my heart,
I lose all fortitude, and in my grief
Become capricious and unjust—forgive me.
Let the full moon blaze in the nightly sky.
Let love rage on, death screens me from his fury.
What should exact my love and veneration?
My father, and my mother, and my race,
Of still unblemished honour—not my life:
No! nor the mortal who subdues my heart.

Lav.—*(Apart.)* What is to be done?

(An ATTENDANT *enters, but without advancing far.)*

Att.—The venerable Kamandaki.

Buddh.—What would she?

Att.—She seeks admission to the princess.

Buddh.—What should delay her?

(Attendant retires. MALATI *conceals the picture.)*

Lav. *(Aside.)* In good time she comes.

Enter KAMANDAKI *and* AVALOKITA.

Kam.—*(Soliloquizes.)*

So far, my friend, respected Bhurivasu:
So far is well—in either world, assent
Awaits thy answer to the king. He, of the
earth,
Is the undoubted lord. Fate is our friend.
In all that chanced to-day in *Kama's* grove,
And in the interchange of tender tokens,
The garland and the picture, all conspires,
To crown our sanguine wishes with success.
Best pledge of blissful union is the bond
Of mutual love, and well the sage has said,
"The marriage rite shall prosper, when the eye
The tongue, and heart, unite the wedded pair.

Ava.—The lady Malati.

Kam.—*(Surveying her.)*

I view her with affliction, and delight.
Slender her frame, and delicate and pale,
Like the young plantain, or the waning moon.

Soothing and pleasant is she to the eye,
Though thin and pallid be her cheek, and all
Declare the fires of love have triumphed here.
The hope of union with the youth engrosses
Her every thought. Loose and untied her
zone,
Her soft lip quivers—starting drops suffuse
Her gentle lips—her bosom palpitates,
And her dark eye in soft abandonment
Moist, languid floats. Each look and gesture
speaks
The fond desires that agitate her youth.
(*Approaches.*)

Lav. (*To Malati.*) Behold!

Mal. Priestess, I salute you. (*Bows.*)

Kam. May you enjoy, dear lady, in due season,
The fruit of all your wishes.

Lav.—Pray, be seated.

Mal.—Is all propitious with the priestess?

Kam.—(*Sighing.*) All.

Kam.—(*Aside.*) That sigh is but the prelude to our
play.
I have my cue. (*Aloud.*) And yet, respected
lady,
Methinks that sigh, that struggling makes its
way
Through starting tears, is with your words at
variance.
What can its import be?

Kam.—Behold these weeds:
Sorts such a garb with one you call your friend?

Lav.—What follows?

Kam.—I am grieved, like unmeet union
Should sentence youth and charms innumerable
Born to no profit, to a worthless bridegroom.

Lav.—You do not grieve alone; the common voice
Condemns the minister's assent, and blames
His yielding Malati to be the bride
Of Nandana, because the king requests it.

Mal.—(*Aside.*) Alas! I am an offering to the monarch
Presented by my father.

Kam.—'Tis most strange
How he could overlook the vast defects
Of such alliance. But how can those
Feel natural affection for their offspring,
Whose souls are sunk in schemes of policy?
His only thought is clearly to secure
The friendship of the monarch's chosen friend
And boon companion, by his daughter's person.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) The king's regard is all in all with him.
His Malati is nothing.

Lav.—'Tis as you say, dame;
Or why should our young mistress thus be sacrificed.
To age and ugliness?

Mal.—*(Apart.)* Ah, luckless wench!
A thunderbolt has struck me to the ground.
Lav.—To you she ever has been like daughter;
Save her, dear lady, from this living death.
Kam.—What can I aid? Fate and her sire alone
Exact obedience from a daughter. True,
Sakuntala, of *Kusika's* high race,
Bestowed her love on a self-chosen lord—
The king Dushyanta. A bright nymph of heaven.
Espoused a mortal monarch, *Pururavas*,
And the fair princess, *Vasavadatta*, scorned
The husband of her father's choice, and fled
With Prince *Udyana*. So poets tell.
But these were desperate acts, and must not be
Proposed for imitation. Let the minister
Complete his will—secure his master's favour
With the rich offering of his daughter's peace,
And yield this maiden to the sovereign's friend,
Like the pale moon, to *Rahu's* foul embrace.
Ava.—Mistress, time passes; it were well to think
Of Madhava, who needs your aid.

Kam.—'Tis well.
Permit me, princess, to depart.

Lav.—One moment. (*Aside to Malati.*)
Say, shall I ask the dame who is the youth,
And what his origin?

Mal.—Do so; I long to hear it.

Her father's love, reminded of examples
That vindicate the free choice of a husband.
Her admiration of her youthful lover
Is now approved by his illustrious birth
And my encomium of his high descent :
All this must strengthen and confirm her
passion,
And now their union may be left to fate.

Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

The House of Kamandaki.

Enter Buddharakshita *and* Avalokita *meeting.*

Buddh.—Ho, Avalokita! where is our dame?

Ava. Do you not know? Disregarding the season for colecting alms, she is ever with the princess.

Buddh.—And where have you been?

Ava. I have been to Madhava by her orders, to tell him to repair to the public garden of the temple of *Sankara*, and place himself in the grove of red *asoka* trees, that extends to the *Kantaki* bower.

Buddh.—For what purpose?

Ava.—This is the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight. Persuading the princess that the god *Sankara* is to be propitiated with offerings of flowers gathered by one's self, the dame takes her and Lavangika thither, and whilst the former is collecting her oblation, she and Madhava will, as it were by accident, again encounter. But where are you going?

Buddh.—I am on my way to my friend Madayantika, to accompany her to the temple of *Sankara* also. I looked in to pay my respects to the priestess.

Ava.—And how speed yon in what you have in hand?

Buddh.—As our mistress could wish. I have won the entire confidence of Madayantika, and by expatiating on the suitableness and merit of Makaranda, have excited in her bosom the most lively affection for him and anxious wish to see him.

Ava.—This is well. Now to our several duties.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—THE GARDEN.

Enter KAMANDAKI.

Kam.—Poor girl! the lesson I have lately hinted
Has bowed her lofty spirit, and she seeks
To win me to her: mournfully she pines
When I am absent, brightens in my presence
Whispers her secret thoughts to me, presents me
With costly gifts: when I depart she clings
Around my neck, and only lets me leave her
When I have vowed repeatedly return!
Then on my knee she sits, and bids me tell her
Again the stories of the nymphs that loved,
And questions o'er and o'er, with flimsy plea,
Their fate and conduct, then she silent pauses
As lost in meditation.—'tis enough:
To-day they meet. Daughter, this way, approach.

Enter MALATI *and* LAVANGIKA.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Alas! my father loves his child no more,
But offers her a victim to ambition.
One hope alone sustains me.

Lav. Taste, my friend,
The freshness of the breeze, that sweeps the blossoms,
And wafts around the *champaka's* perfume,
Breathing melodious with the buzz of bees
That cluster in the buds, and with the song
The *koil* warbles thick and hurried forth,
As on the flow'ry mango's top he sits,
And all inebriate with its nectar sings.
The garden gale comes wooingly to sip
The drops ambrosial from thy moonlike face.
Come on, those shades invite us.

(*They retire.*)

Enter MADHAVA.

The pious dame is here—her presence fills
My heart with rapture. So the peafowl hails
The flash that heralds the approaching shower
Lavangika—the third—'tis she—
'Tis Malati! Ah me! a sudden chill
Pervades my heart and freezes every faculty,
To marble turned by her moon-beaming countenance,
Like mountains ice-bound by the gelid ray

Shot on their summits from the lunar gem.
How lovely she appears, as o'er her frame,
Like a fast-fading wreath, soft languor steals
And heightens every beauty. Now mine
eyes
Are conscious of their being. As I gaze
My heart consumes, and love lights all his
fires.

Approaches unobserved.

Mal.—(*Advancing.*) Come, Lavangika, let us pluck
flowers
From this delightful arbour.

Kam.—Nay, rest, my child.
Thy faltering tongue and languid frame
evince
Fatigue—upon thy face the moist drops start,
And those bright eyes are shut—one might
suspect,—
Thy form such soft abandonment betrays—
A lover's gaze were dwelling on thy beauties.
Come sit thee here, I have a tale to tell thee.

Mal.—You are obeyed.—(*Sits down by Kamandaki, who passes her hand under Malati's chin and raises up her face towards Madhava.*)

Kam.—There was a youth, named Madhava, who
shared
With you an equal portion of my heart.

Lav.—So we have heard.

Kam.—He, from the luckless day
Of *Kama's* festival, has ceased to be
The master of himself, and though he told not
His sorrows to the moon or faithful friend,
His changing form, still lovely in decay,
Revealed the anguish he disdained to utter.
I hastened to his aid, and quickly guessed
The cause of his distress, when I was told
He had beheld this lovely countenance,—
The moon that swayed the heaving of his heart,
Like the deep waters of the tossing main.

Mal. (*Aside.*) How well she penetrates my secret!

Kam.—Reckless of life, his only pleasures now
Are tasks that feed and aggravate his flame.
He gazes on the mango buds, he listens
Attentive to the *koil's* song, he breasts
The breeze impregnate with the flowery fragrance,
He hugs the lotus blossoms to his heart,
And basks beneath the deadly lunar beam—
This first fond passion preys upon my son,
And soon, I fear, cuts short his gentle being.

Mal.—(*To Lavangika.*)
Why does the dame alarm me thus with fear
For life so dear to all: what can I say?

Lav.—(*To Kamandaki.*)
You are not terrified alone—like fears
Pervade us for the princess. She has often

Beheld the youth, as by the palace walls
His course has frequent chanced, since when she pines,
As droops the lotus on its slender stem
Beneath the scorching sun : her youthful sports
Delight no more ; pensive apart she sits
Whole days, her cheek upon her hand reclined.
We fondly hoped those looks that were exchanged
In *Kama's* grove, when like the present god
The youthful Madhava appeared to grace
Love's festival, amidst his blooming votaries,
Would dissipate this melancholy mood,
And cheer her heart with hope, but passion since
Intenser rages in her tender heart,
And threatens her existence. Oh, befriend us
If but a moment she could view the youth,
E'en that were such relief as earth receives
When, parched by sultry suns, she drinks revived
The bland and life-bestowing dews of heaven.
The hapless state of Malati affrights us,
Unfit to struggle with the sports of destiny.
Do thou exert thy powers, and then the pair,
Who claim alike thy pity and regard,
Redeemed from death, shall prosper in their loves.

Kam.—My heart is filled with sorrow and delight.
I pity her sad state, even whilst I joy
To find her justly conscious of desert.

Lav.—Behold these proofs, this picture of her lord!

(Opening the garment over her breast.)

And this decaying wreath, strung by his
hands,
Dear as her life, thus cherished in her bosom.

Madh.—How enviable, dear garland, is thy fate,
Thus to be cherished like a friend, and
waving
A graceful banner o'er that lovely bosom.

(A noise behind.)

"What ho! beware! in youthful strength and
sport,
The tiger, in the temple's porch confined,
Has burst his iron cage, and roams at large,
With tail high waving like a banner, vast
And might limbed, he stalks along the
groves.
Now in the midst of mangled forms his paw,
As pond'rous as the thunderbolt, has felled,
The monster stands, and in his maw engulfs,
Wide as a cave, the quivering flesh, or
grinds,
The cracking bones with hard, sharp-pointed
teeth,
From his deep throat he roars in thunder loud,

And men and beasts fly trembling from the echo;
Begrimed with blood and dust he follows fast,
And plies insatiate his death-dealing talons—
Look to your lives as best you may, avoid him.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITA.

Buddh.—Alas, alas! my dear friend Madayantika!
Oh, save us, save us! Madayantika,
Our friend, the sister of the minister,
Is singled out and hunted by the tiger.

Mal.—Oh, horror!

Madh.—(*Rushing forward.*) Where is the savage?

Mal.—(*With delight, apart.*) He here!

Madh.—Now I am blessed indeed, her gaze surprised
Dwells greedily upon my presence, and enchains me.
In flow'ry bonds, falls on my heart like balm.
And sheds a show'r of heavenly nectar o'er me.

Lav.—Can we not quit the garden?

Madh.—Follow me. (*Going.*)

Kam.—Beware, my son: though valiant, be not rash.

Mal.—(*Apart to Lavangika.*) I tremble now.

Madh.—A moment, pause. I mark the savage spread
Dismay, his course is marked with carcases,
And all his steps sink deep in mire and gore.

Oh, horror! we are distant,—now he views
A maid—she flies, he follows.

Av.—Madayantika!

Kam.—Behold, a youth advances—now he stoops
To grasp a fallen sword.

Mad.—He throws himself,
Brave youth, before the tiger—'tis my friend!
'Tis Makaranda.

Av.—Noble, valiant youth!

Mad.—Alas! the beast has wounded him.

Kam.—Joy, joy! the savage falls.

Av.—What fate have we escaped!

Kam.—My generous son, he bleeds profusely
Supported by the trembling maid, he rests
Upon his sword, along whose ruddy blade
The trickling torrent reddens to the ground.

Madh.—He faints, help, holy dame, preserve my friend.

Kam.—Fear not, fear not, but hasten to his succour.

Exeunt.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

THE SAME SCENE.

MADHAVA *and* MAKARANDA *brought on by* MADAYANTIKA *and* LAVANGIKA *insensible.*

Maday.—(*To Kamandaki.*) Befriend him, pious dame; oh, save this youth!

Who to preserve my life has risked his own.

(*The others.*)—What should we do?

Kamandaki.—Sprinkle o'er their limbs.

The water of this ewer, and fan their faces

With your light robes.

(*They fan the youths and cast water from the Dame's kamandalu, or waterpot carried by an ascetic.*)

Mak.—*Sighs and looks up.*

Why thus alarmed, my friend?—I am well,

Quite well.

Maday.—(*With delight.*) Ah me! he is restored.

Malati.—(*Puts her hand to Madhava's forehead.*)

Lavangika.

How happy you, your friend again is conscious!

Madh.—(*Reviving.*) Rash youth, where are you? here to my heart.

(*They embrace; Kamandaki hangs o'er them.*)

Kam.—I revive. (*They all express delight.*)

Lav.—We all partake your joy!

Buddharakshita.—(*Apart to Madayantika.*) This is the youth.

Maday.—That, that is Madhava I know, and this
Is he you mean.

Buddh.—Have I not spoke him truly?

Maday.—Were his worth
Less than it shows, you had not so described him.
And Malati, as rumour runs, has fixed
Her heart upon his friend.

(*Turns to look at Makaranda.*

Kam.—(*Observing them apart.*)
Approving destiny has wrought to-day
The interview of yonder pair.
(*Aloud to Makaranda.*) Tell us, my son, by what propitious chance,
Conducted to this grove, you came to save
The life of this dear maid?

Mak.—I came to seek
My friend, directed to the grove of *Kam*
By Avalokita, and charged with news
I gathered in the city, which I feared
Would add to his affliction, when I saw
This noble maiden flying from the wrath
Of yon ferocious animal.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) 'Tis time
To pledge the faith of Malati, (*Aloud.*) My son,

(*To Madhava.*)

The joy your friend's escape must needs afford you.
Is fit occasion for you to present
Some token of regard to Malati.

Madh.—I willingly obey, and since to her
I owe my own recovery from the mist
The peril of my friend spread o'er my senses,
Here for returning consciousness, I pledge her,
A free-will offering each,—my heart, my life.

Lav.—I answer for my friend! she deems the gifts
Deserving her acceptance.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) On my word
The youth knows when to proffer what is sure
To meet with willing ears.

Madav.—(*Apart.*) But this news!
What should it be to render him unhappy?

Madh.—Now, Makaranda, tell us what you heard,
That threatened to afflict me?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess.—(*To Madav.*) Lady, the minister, your brother Nandana,
Desires your presence. It has pleased the king
In person to announce, that *Bhurivasu*
Consents this day to give him Malati:
He wills you therefore come and share his happiness.

Mak.—He brings you my intelligence.

(*Malati and Madhava express their despair.*

Maday.—(*Embracing Malati.*)

My dearest friend, this is indeed delightful.
One city saw owe birth ; our infant sports
And opening youth have ever found us friends
And now you are my sister, and the pride
Of our illustrious house.

Kam.—In truth, my child.

Fate is propitious when she grants your brother
A bride like this.

Maday.—We rather thank your prayers.

My friend Lavangika, our every wish
Is gratified, now we obtain your princess.

Lav.—It may be we have no concern with it.

Maday.—Come, wench (*to Buddharakshita*), let's hasten and got every thing
In order for the bridal.

[*They rise.*

Budd.—I attend you.

Lav.—(*Apart to Kam.*) This interchange of looks, from eyes that roll
Like the soft tremulous lotus, and express
The dear emotions and the new delights
That fill and agitate the heart, reveal
This couple conscious of the like desire.

Kam.—No doubt, they taste like pleasure from the look
So oft repeated, and the furtive glance
Tells a plain story ; sidelong and slow the eye
Glides to the angle of the drooping lids,

Half-closed by passion's birth; the brow is raised
In gentle curve, and the loose veiling lashes
Tremble in soft-abandonment: all speaks
The inward consciousness of new delight.

Madav.—(*To Buddh.*) Sure I shall see again this graceful youth,
The saviour of my life?

Buddh.—If fate so pleases.

[*Exeunt with Attendant.*

Madh.—(*Apart.*) Now let the thread of hope, long idly cherished,
Snap like the fibre of the lotus stem.
Come, boundless anguish, but by death relieved,
And frantic-grief, avowed despair possess
My every thought! be destiny appeased,
And love work all his vengeance. Adverse fate
Delights to aggravate my woes, and mocks me
With disappointment, after I have won—
No common prize—affection like my own.
I marked her as she heard her father's will
Pale as the moon before the morning sun,
Her lovely countenance revealed her sorrows,
And added sharper poignancy to mine.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) I cannot bear their grief, and hope destroyed,
Life is a burthen (*Aloud.*) Madhava, my son,

Tell me, have you indulged the expectation,
The minister would give his daughter to you?

Madh.—(*Bashfully.*) No, never, never!

Kam.—Then were you ill apprised
Of past occurrences.

Mak.—We know this, dame,
That Malati already is betrothed.

Kam.—You know what you have heard, to all 'tis known,
That when the monarch for his favourite sued,
The minister replied, "Your majesty
Is master of your own—"

Mal.—So rumour goes.

Kam.—To-day we learn the king has given Malati
As if she were his own. But mark me, son;
The bond of human actions is good faith,
And promises control the acts of men:
In speech the seeds of good and ill reside,
And all events are upon words dependent.
Do you not see in *Bhurivasu's* answer
A covert import lies?—for Malati
Is not the daughter of the sovereign;
Nor law nor social decency acknowledges
A monarch's will as the authority
To regulate a daughter's bridal compact.
Fie on it! It is not to be thought of—
And more, my son,—doubt you my vigilance?
Why, then, alarm the tender child with fears

Of such a fate I would not wish your foes?—
Confide in me,—I will not spare my pains,
Nor life, if it be needed, to secure
Your union with the maiden.

Mal.—Well resolved.
There union is most suitable. Your heart,
Most holy dame, though from the world estranged,
Is softened still with pity and affection
Towards these thy children: and thy active love,
Howe'er opposed to penance and devotion,
Shall like the will of destiny prevail.

Enter a MESSENGER.

The queen commands you, dame, with speed conduct
The lady Malati to the palace.

Kam. Daughter, come.

(MADHAVA *and* MALATI *interchange looks and sighs.*)

Madh.—(*Apart.*) Out on the world's vicissitudes!
Fate, like a friend, first shows by blooming maid,
With tender passion like my own inspired,
Then with capricious fickleness afflicts
My heart with deeper anguish.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Come what may,
This happiness is mine,—I have beheld him.

Lav.—This barbarous minister has taught my friend
To hate her being.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Love of life has borne
Its fruits mature —my father's cruelty,
Stern as the offerer of human sacrifice,
And fate, alike relentless, have achieved
Their task. Ah me, unhappy ! to what friend,
To what kind refuge, can I now repair ?
(*Exit with Kamandaki and Lavangika.*

Madh.—I fear me much, the hope the dame encouraged
Sprang from the dread she entertained for her
Whom she has loved from birth. My luckless days
Will bear, I doubt, no fruit. What's to be done ;
(*Thinking.*)
Apply to horrid mysteries,—what else
Remains ? (*To Makaranda.*) How now, my friend methinks you grieve
For Madayantika.

Mak.—'Tis even so
My mind recalls her timid wild embrace,
When fearful as the tender fawn, she clung,
With limbs diffusing nectar on my wounds,
Around me, heedless of her loose attire.

Madh.—She will be yours, for Buddharakshita,
Your friend, is hers ; and whom should she affect
But you, whom she embraced as her preserver

Snatched by your prowess from the monster's
fangs?
Nor did her looks proclaim you were a stranger.
The fond regard those lotus eyes expressed
Was clearly no new lesson.

Mak.—Let us hence.
Bathe where the *Sindhu* and the *Para* meet,
And then re-seek the town.

(*They rise and proceed.*)

This is the spot.
The union of the streams, whose favoured bank
Beholds our maidens, in the frequent bath,
Forego their robes, and with their tender
hands
Veiling imperfectly their charms, commit
Their lovely bosoms to the friendly wave.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE.—THE FIELD IN WHICH DEAD BODIES ARE BURNED IN THE VICINITY OF A TEMPLE.

Enter in the air in a heavenly car and in a hideous garb, KAPALAKUNDALA.

Glory to *Saktinath*, upon whose steps
The mighty goddesses attend, whom seek
Successfully alone the firm of thought.
He crowns the lofty aims of those who know
And hold his form, as the pervading spirit,
That, one with their own essence, makes
his seat
The heart, the lotus centre of the sphere,
Six-fold, by ten nerves circled. Such am I.
Freed from all perishable bonds, I view
The eternal soul embodied as the God,
Forced by my spells to tread the mystic
labyrinth,
And rise in splendour throned upon my heart.
Hence through the many channelled veins
I draw.
The grosser elements of this mortal body,
And soar unwearied through the air, dividing
The water-shedding clouds. Upon my flight,

Horrific honours wait;—the hollow skulls,
That low descending from neck depend,
Emit fierce music as they clash together,
Or strike the trembling plates that gird
my loins.
Loose stream on every side my woven locks
In lengthening braids,—upon my pond'rous
staff,
The string of bells, light waving to and fro,
Jangles incessantly,—my banner floats
Upborne upon the wailing breeze, whose tone
Is deepened by the echoes it awakes
Amidst the caverns of each fleshless skull,
That hangs in dread array around my person.

(Alights and looks about.)

I scent the temple of *Karala*, near
The cemetery, and perfumed of old
By fetid odours from the funeral pile—
It is my present object—for to-day,
My wise preceptor, great Aghoraghanta,
Calls me to aid him in the powerful rite
That terminates his toils—to-day he offers
The promised gift, the gem of womankind,
A victim to the goddess. In this city
The damsel dwells, and I must make her
mine.

(Looking out.)

But who comes hitherward, of pleasing form,
With braided hair, and in one hand a sword?

The other—ha, it braves the world's restraints,
And soiled with blood, determinately grasps
A lump of human flesh! And now I look,
I know the youth; 'tis Madhava, the son
Of the old dame Kamandaki's dear friend.
What makes him vender of the flesh of man?—
It matters not. Now to my work. for see,
The hour of twilight hovers o'er the west,
Along the skirts of the horizon steal
The winding glooms like dark *Tamala* blossoms,
And earth's far bounds are lost, as if immersed
In nascent waters; to the woods young night
Her own yet gentle shade imparts, as if
A wreath of smoke were wafted through the air,
And spread abroad in mist before the breeze.
[*Exit*.

Enter MADHAVA.

May those endearments yet be mine, that spring
From young affection and the dawn of passion,
Now first awakened in my Malati;
Which for an instant only to imagine,
Inspires my heart with ecstasy unsullied
By all impure admixture. 'Twere enough

To be enfolded in her arms, to lean
My face upon her cheek, or to be prest
Against her firm and palpitating bosom,
Fragrant with perfume, and with pearls
adorned.
Yet this is too remote ; I will but ask
To see her face, the shrine of love once more,
Once more ! Ah no ! for ever in my view
She lives ; assiduous memory constant turns
To cherished hopes, and fed by hourly
thoughts,
One sole idea engrosses every sense,
Till all my inmost soul is Malati.

(A noise behind.)

Now wake the terrors of the place, beset
With crowding and malignant friends , the
flames
From funeral pyres scarce lend their sullen
light,
Clogged with their fleshy prey, to dissipate
The fearful gloom thet hems them in. Pale
ghosts
Sport with foul goblins, and their dissonant
mirth
In shrill respondent shrieks is echoed round.
Well, be it so. I seek, and must adress them.
Demons of ill, and disembodied spirits,
Who haunt this spot, I bring you flesh for sale,

The flesh of man untouched by trenchant
steel,
And worthy your acceptance. (*A great noise.*)
How the noise,
High, shrill, and indistinct, of chattering
sprites
Communicative, fills the charnel ground!
Strange forms like foxes flit along the sky
From the red hair of their lank bodies darts
The meteor blaze, or from their mouths, that
stretch
From ear to ear thick-set with numerous fangs,
Or eyes, or beards, or brows, the radiance
streams.
And now I see the goblin host each stalks
On legs like palm-trees, a gaunt skeleton,
Whose fleshless bones are bound by starting
sinews,
And scantly cased in black and shrivelled skin,
Like tall and withered trees by lightning
scathed
They move, and as amidst their sapless trunks
The mighty serpent curls, so in each mouth
Wide yawning rolls the vast blood-dripping
tongue.
They mark my coming, and the half-chewed
morsel
Falls [illegible] —and now they [illegible].

(Pauses, and looking round.)

Race, dastardly as hideous! All is plunged
In utter gloom. (*Considering.*) The river flows before me.
The boundary of the funeral ground, that winds
Through mouldering bones its interrupted way.
Wild raves the torrent as it rushes past
And rends its crumbling banks, the wailing owl
Hoots through its skirting groves, and to the sounds
The loud long moaning jackall yells reply.
(*Behind.*)
Ah, cruel father! she you meant an offering
To the King's favour, now deserted dies.

Madh.—(*Alarmed.*) What voice was that so musical and wild,
That sounds like the affrighted osprey's cry?
It bursts not unfamiliar to mine ear,
And penetrates my soul;—my throbbing heart
Faint dies within me, and a lifeless chill
Steals along every limb!—my tottering steps
Can scarce sustain their load. What should this be?
The dreadful sound came from *Karala's* fane,
Fit scene for deeds of horror. Be it so—
I must be satisfied. [*Rushes off.*

SCENE.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF CHAMUNDA.
AGHORAGHANTA, KAPALKUNDALA, *and*

MALATI *dressed as a victim.*

Mal.—Unpitying sire, thy haples daughter dies!
Mother beloved, remorseless fate consigns
Thy gentle heart to agony. Revered
And holy dame, who lived but for thy Malati,
Whose every thought was for her happiness,
Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.
Ah, my dear friend, Lavangika, to thee
But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear!

Mad.—(*Enters behind.*) My fears were true 'tis
she! but still she lives.

Agh.—(*Running round quickly as in worship.*)
Hail! hail! Chamunda, mighty goddess, hail!
I glorify thy sport, when in the dance
That fills the court of Shiva with delight,
Thy foot descending spurns the earthly globe.
Beneath the weight the broad-backed tortoise
reels,
The egg of Brahma trembles at the shock,
And in a yawning chasm, that gapes like a hell,
The sevenfold main tumultuously rushes.
The elephant hide that robes thee, to thy steps
Swings to and fro;—the whirling talons rend
The cresent on thy brow,—from the torn orb
The trickling nectar falls, and every skull
That gems thy necklace laughs with horrid life.

Attendant spirits tremble and applaud;
The mountain falls before the powerful arms,
Around whose length the sable serpents twine
Their swelling forms, and knit terrific bands,
Whilst from the hood expanded frequent flash
Envenomed flames.
As rolls thy awful head,
The low'ring eye that glows amidst thy brow
A fiery circle designates, that wraps
The spheres within its terrible circumference
Whilst by the banner on thy dreadful staff,
High waved, the stars are scattered from their orbits.
The three-eyed god exults in the embrace
Of his fair spouse, as Gauri sinks appalled
By the distracting cries of countless fiends
Who shout thy praise. Oh, may such dance afford
Whate'er we need—whate'er may yield us happiness!

Madh.—(*Behind.*) What luckless chance is this, that such a maid,
With crimson garb and garland like a victim
Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive
Of impious wretches, like a timid fawn
Begirt by ravenous wolves; that she, the child
Of the all-powerful minister should lie
Thus in the jaws of death! Ah, cruel destiny,

Kap.—Fair maid,

Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,
For pitiless death is near thee.

Mal.—Ah, Madhava,

Lord of my heart! Oh may I after death
Live in thy memory! They do not die,
Whom love embalms in long and fond remembrance.

Kap.—Poor child, her heart is Madhava's.

Agh.—(*Raising his sword.*) No matter

Come what come may, we must delay no longer.
This offering vowed to thee, divine *Chamunda*,
Deign to accept.

Mad.—(*Rushes forward and snatches Malati up in his arms.*) Vile wretch, forbear!

Kap.—The term

Profane is thine.

Mal.—Oh, save me, save me! (*Embraces Madhava.*)

Mad.—Princess, do not fear.

A faithful friend, who in the hour of death
Finds courage to declare his love, is near thee—
Be of good courage—on this impious wretch,
The retribution of his crimes descends.

Aghora—What sinful youth is this that interrupts
Our solemn rite?

Kap.—The lover of the maiden,
The pupil of Kamandaki, who treads
This precincts for unholy purposes,
And vends the flesh of man.

Madh.—Inform me, princess,
How has this chanced ?

Mal.—I know not, I reposed
At eve upon the terrace : when I woke
I found myself a prisoner.—But what led
Your steps to this retreat ?

Madh. (*Ashamed.*) By passion urged,
Incited by the hope my life might be
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came
To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.

Mal.—And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,
And wandering here for me ?

Madh.—Blest was the chance
That snatched my love from the uplifted sword,
Like the pale moon from *Rahu's* rav'nous jaws.
My mind is yet with various passions tossed,
And terror, pity, wonder, joy, and rage,
By turns possess my soul.

Aghor.—Rash Brahman boy,
Thou seekest thy fate. The pitying stag defies

The tiger in the rescue of his doe,
And both are made the forest monarch's prey —
So shalt thou perish, who darest hope to save
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,
As flies the severed head before my scymitar,
Shall stream an offering to the mighty mother
Of all created beings.

Madh.—Wretch accursed,
Impious and vile! Couldst thou raise thy sword
Against this delicate frame, that timid shrunk
Even from the flowers her fond companions cast
In sportive mood upon her—but my arm
Like Yama's mace now falls upon thy head.

Mal.—(*To Madaava.*) Lord of my life, refrain from violence
His crime is baffled, let him be. Avoid
All needless peril.

Kap.—(*To Aghor.*) Holy sir, be firm;
Destroy the culprit.

Madh and Aghor.—(*To the women.*) Banish your alarms,
The villain dies. What other chance should wait
The issue of the contest, when the lion,
Whose talons light upon the elephant's brow,
As falls the thunderbolt upon the mountain,
Raises their might against the feeble deer.

(A noise behind.)

What, ho! ye who are now in search of Malati,
The venerable priestess whose commands
Are ever wise, enjoins ye to surround
The temple of *Karala*. This can be
The act of none but him who ministers
To the terrific goddess, and the princess
Can be an offering for no other shrine.

Kap.—We are surrounded!

Aghor.—Greater is the need
Of manly resolution.

Mal.—My dear father!
My venerable mistress!

Madh.—I will place
The princess out of peril with her friends,
Then swift return for vengeance.

(He carries Malati off and returns confronting Aghoraghanta.)

Now let the falchion piecemeal hew thy form,
Ring on thy bones, and cleave thy sinewy joints,
Sport in the yielding marrow, and divide,
Resistless in its fury, limb from limb.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

A PUBLIC PLACE.

Enter KAPALKUNDALA.

Alas! the cruel Madhava has slain
My venerable master in the cause
Of Malati. In vain, I strove to stay
His ruthless hand; he spurned my supplications.
What now remains?—vengenance? Yes, Madhava,
Thou yet shall feel my fury—no repose
Can the destroyer of the serpent brood
Expect to taste—the mother snake retains
Her wrath unmitigated, whets her fangs,
And hoards her venom, wakeful for revenge.

(*Without.*)

Ho, warriors! haste, be quick in preparation
Appointed by the elders. Let the Brahmans
Recite auspicious strains. Let all devise
Ingenious shows and fitting invocations,
Propitiating fate—for near at hand
The bridegroom train approaches. Till they come,
Obedient to the holy dames' injunctions,

The matrons of her father's household send
The maiden to the temple of the deity
That guards our walls, to pray that nought molest,
No evil interrupt the happy rite.
Quick let a guard, in rich comparison
Arrayed, upon the brilliant train attend.

Kap.—'Tis well—I will keep vigilant watch;
And in the bustle of this marriage feast,
I may perchance some fit occasion seize
To wreak my vengeance upon Madhava.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter KALAHAMSA.

I was ordered by my master, who is concealed within the shrine here with his friend Makaranda, to go and see whether the lady Malati leads the procession to this temple. I shall delight him.

Enter MADHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Madh.—How will this end? from the first day I saw
The lovely maid, events succeeding add
Fresh fuel to my passion, and to-day
The crisis comes. Will the sage dame's device
Secure me bliss, or end in disappointment?

Mak.—Fear not, my friend, her wisdom cannot fail.

Mal.—(*Approaches.*) My lord, you are favoured by fortune.

The lady Malati is on the road, at the head of the procession.

Madh.—Can it be true ?

Mak.—Why should you doubting question ?

They are at hand; for hark, a hollow murmur
Like that of rushing clouds, before the gate
Comes sudden on the ear, and now the drums
That peal in joy drown every other sound;
Here from the lattice we may see their march.

Kal.—Look, master, see how the white umbrellas float like trembling lotuses in the lake of the atmosphere. The numerous banners undulate like waves as they play before the wind of the Chowris, which hover about like swans; and now the elephants advance, their golden bells tinklinng as they stride; they are mounted by merry bevies of damsels, singing songs of rejoicing, uttered indistinctly as interupted by the betel that perfumes their mouths, and blazing like rays of light with glittering of jewels variegated tints, as if they were so many portions of the heavens decorated with fragments of Indra's bow.

Mak.—The state of *Bhurivasu* is, in sooth,

Most princely. As the countless jewels shoot
Their blaze into the sky, the heavens reflect
The countless hues, as if the peacock's plumage,
Or the mixed colours of the painted jay,
Played through the air, China's gorgeous silks

Vested the atmosphere, or *Indra's* bow.
Displayed throughout its many coloured
radiance.

Kal.—The throng of attendants hastily forming a circle fall off to a respectful distance, and keep back the crowd with staves, covered with silver and gold. Her elephant, painted with vermilion, resembles the ruddy dawn, or with the starry garland on her brow, looks like the brilliant night. But she herself, the lovely object of all eyes, as pale and delicate as the new moon, advances from the ring.

Mak.—The beauteous damsel well becomes the grace
Of bridal honours. Her emaciate form
And pallid cheek, although they plainly show
Deep-rooted grief, heighten her loveliness,
Like some fair plant just budding into flower
And withered at the core. Behold! my friend,
The elephant kneels.

Mad.—And Malati descends,
And with the priestess and her faithful friend
Lavangika, comes hither.

They withdraw.

SCENE III.—INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

Enter KAMANDAKI, MALATI, *and* LAVANGIKA.

Kam.—(*To herself.*) May fate assist the wishes of our hearts,
And may the just gods crown them with completion.
May I attain my aim, and this device,
That binds the children of my friends in love,
Secure their future happiness.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Ah me!
What blest occasion will afford the means
Of death to free me from the world?—but no,
Death comes not to the wretch who prays his aid.

Lav.—(*Apart.*) This final parting from her love has plunged
My poor friend in despair.

Enter a FEMALE ATTENDANT *with a basket.*

Att.—(*To Kamandaki.*) His Excellency, dame, desires me to inform you, that his Majesty has sent this bridal dress and these ornaments, that Malati may put them on in presence of the deity.

Kam.—'Tis rightly judged—the place is most propitious.
Let us behold the gear!

Att.—This is the corset of white silk; this is the red muslin mantle—these are the ornaments; this the necklace—this is sandal, this the chaplet of flowers.

Kam.—(*Apart.*) It were a pleasant trick, and Madayantika
Will not be sorry to behold the youth.
(*Aloud.*) Inform the minister it shall be done
As he directs. (*Exit Servant.*) Daughter, Lavangika,
Attend the princess to the inner shrine.

Lav.—Where tarry you meanwhile?

Kam.—I would remain
Alone, and leisurely investigate
The value of these jewels. *Exit.*

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Left with Lavangika alone!

Lav.—This is the door. Here let us enter.

(*They enter.—Scene changes to the interior of the Temple.*)

MADHAVA, MAKARANDA, *and* KALAHAMSA *discovered.*

Mak.—They come; let us conceal ourselves awhile,
Behind this pillar. (*They hide.*

Enter MALATI *and* LAVANGIKA.

Lav.—Here is the perfume for the person—here
The flowery garland. (*Offering them.*)

Mal.—What are they to me?

Lav.—Consider, my dear friend, you are sent here
By your respected mother to propitiate

The deity, and thus invoke good fortune
On the commencement of the marriage rite.

Mal.—Why thus distract a wretch whose heart is torn
With pangs intolerable, and whose mind
Is tortured by the wanton cruelty
Of unrelenting fate?

Lav.—Alas! what would you say!

Mal.—Whatever he whose fortunes are, like mine,
Blighted by unavailing hopes, might counsel.

Mak.—Heard you?

Madh.—I heard—what little cheers my heart.

Mal.—(*Embracing Lavangika.*) My dearest friend,
the sister of my soul,
Your hapless Malati, about to die
Unwedded, begs one proof of your affection.
From earliest infancy you have replied
Unvarying to my confidence—ah! now,
Do not the first time disappoint my hopes—
Bear still my image in your heart, and see
The lotus lovely countenance of Madhava,
The shrine of each auspicious excellence.
(*Weeps.*)

Madh.—(*Behind.*) Delightful words that fortunately
shed
Their nectar through my heart, and o'er my
frame;
Diffuse the powerful medicine that restores
The vigorous bloom of life's decaying flower.

Mal.—Then tell the brave preserver of my life,
He must not, if he ever prized my love,
When he shall here that I am dead, attempt
His days, but live to cherish my remembrance :
Tell him, I hope he will not wholly lose
The recollection of this life's events ;
Although the tenant of another world,
I here shall live in memory alone.
Do this, and all your Malati's desires
Your kindness will bestow.

Mak.—Alas, poor girl !

Madh.—The sad yet sweet tones of her fond despair
Awake contending sentiments—her grief
Excites both joy and pain, and fills my mind
With anguish and delight.

Lav.—I am overcome
With horror ! let me hear no more, my friend,
Words of such evil omen.

Mal.—Ah, Lavangika,
You love the life of Malati alone—
Not Malati.

Lav.—What mean you ?

Mal.—I have borne
Thus long a hateful life, sustained alone
By flattering promises I yet might wed
The lord of my election. This is past ;
But [illegible] resolve to end my days,
[illegible]

To the divinity whom I have served—
Then do not thou oppose me in my purposese.
(*Falls at her feet.*)

Mak.—Her love is boundless.
(*Lavangika beckons to Madhava.*)
Go, take her piace.

Madh.—I tremble.

Mak.—'Tis a sign
Of coming happiness!

Madh.—I go. (*Approaches gently and takes the station of Lavangika, who retrires.*)

Mal.—(*Kneeling.*) Speak your assent, my friend.

Madh.—Forego such desperate purpose, simple maid.
My heart, dear girl, will never bear thy loss.

Mal.—Behold me prostrate till you give consent!

Madh.—What can I say, desponding as thou art?
Do as thou wilt; but first this fond embracer.

Mal.—Now I am blest!

(*Rises and throws herself into Madhava's arms.*)

I have but half my friend;
For my fast-flowing tears obscure my sight.
Firm as the lotus cup, and smooth with down,
Thy form recalls a contact that allays
The fever of my grief: oh, bear its owner,
With hands thus elevated to your brow,
My farewell message. 'Tis long since these
eyes

Have lost the sight of thy engaging countenance,
As brilliant as the broad bright beaming moon,
And lovelier than the full-blown lotus flower.
The sufferings of my frame, which not the rays
Of the mild lunar orb, nor the cool breath
Of Malaya could appease, have long distressed
My friendly train with bitterest affliction.
My heart, whose firmness, by incessant cares
Still growing more unbearable assailed,
Had sunk, was yet by hope sustained; but now
I hope no more. Let me still live, dear friend,
In your remembrance; and when I am gone,
May this the work of Madhava, preserved
Next to your heart, whene'er it meet your gaze,
Bring to your mind the Malati you loved.

(Goes to hang the garland round the neck of Madhava, and discovering her mistake starts back in alarm).

Madh.—*(Apart.)* The gentle pressure of her heaving bosom
Has spread delightful coolness through my frame,
As if combined upon my skin were strewed

Sandal and camphor—*saivala* and pearls—
The lotus fibre or the moonstone's dew.

Mal.—Lavangika betrays me!

Madh.—Gentle maid,
Your own experience only cannot teach you
What others have endured—but this belief,
Such days as you yave passed, such have I known,
Whose fevered flames have raged in every vein,
And anguish wrung conscious existence from me—
Thy love alone preserved my fleeting life.

Lav.—You are ensnared, my friend, as you deserved.

Kal.—This mutual confession is pleasant enough.

Mak.—Princess, you are merciful, it is true.
My friend has undergone so sad a time,
And yet exists—now may his hopes be crowned,
And with that plighted hand the golden thread
Shall gird, be happiness his future portion.

Lav.—How can you name the golden thread that girds
The bridal hand? Observe you not, her heart
Is agitated with the apprehension
Of an immediate and unwelcome marriage.

Mal.—(*Apart*). Out on it—What is this? it ill becomes
A maiden's honour.
Kam.—(*Entering.*).—How now.
My gentle child?
(*Malati throws herself into her arms.*)
Kam.—Look up! behold the youth who shared your sufferings,
Whose eyes first caught the flames; whose heart was next
To thee alone devoted; and whose frame,
Like thine emaciate, equal passion shows.
Behold him here! Dismiss this weak timidity—
Be love obeyed and destiny fulfilled.
Lav.—What marvel, dame, our friend should be alarmed!
This is, to say the truth, a fearful personage—
The conqueror of the fierce and impious wretch
Who braved his fatal army when on the night
No moon illumes, and with no good intent,
He trod the confines of the funeral ground.
Mak.—(*To himself.*) Well said, Lavangika, the double bond of love and gratitude is well suggested.
Mal.—Alas, my parents!
Kam.—Madhava my son.
Madh.—Command me.

Kam.—This is this dearest gem of *Bhurivasu*,
The mighty minister, whose feet are blazoned
With the bright diadems of prostrate princes,
Fate, pleased congenial merit to unite,
And love and I their instrument, confer
This treasure to your care. (*Weeps.*)

Mak.—Our hopes are gratified
By your kind aid.

Madh.—But why these tears ?

Kam.—My son, long-cherished friendship has endeared
The interests of your house to me ; and now
That love is consummated, for mine old
And tried affection, and for other causes,
I may demand you listen to my counsels.
Then, heed my words, and pledge your faith to me,
You cherish this dear child most tenderly,
When I no more behold her.

(*About to fall at the feet of Madhava.*)

Madh.—(*Preventing her.*) Forbear ! forbear ! your kindness overpowers me.

Mak.—Why should you need assurance, dame, of this—
The object of your praise—the living festival
Of human eyes—replete with warm affection
And brilliant worth—why, one were irresistible—
Their union is your surety.

Kam.—My son (*to Madhava*).

Madh.—Behold me!

Kam.—Malati, my child.

Lav.—She waits upon your will.

Kam.—Remember, children—

A virtuous wife and a respected lord
Are each to either all—kindred and friends,
Wealth, love, and life, and all the heart
should covet.

Mak.—'Tis justly said.

Lav.—What further has the dame
To order?

Kam.—Makaranda, take these robes
And dress you for the bridal.

Mak.—As you will.
Behind this curtain I can make my toilet.
[*Retires.*

Madh.—But will not this expose my friend to peril?

Kam.—Out on thee—what hast thou to do in this?

Madh.—I trust me to your judgment.

Enter MAKARANDA *in female attire*

Mak.—My friend, behold your Malati

Madh.—(*Embracing him.*)—In truth,
The priestess highly favours Nandana,
To yield his admiration, for an instant,
A bride like this.

Kam.—Now my dear children (*to Malati and Madhava*),—leave

Quick to the garden of my sanctuary.
In the pavilion Avalokita
Awaits your coming, with all means prepared
To celebrate the nuptial ceremony.
The rite accomplished, to the grove retire,
Where round the areka-trees the betel vine
Curls its pale leaves, as pallid as the cheek
Of the fair dames of *Kerala* who mourn
Their absent lords. The beauties of the scene,
Begirt with waving oranges, and musical
With the sweet tone of numerous choristers,
Who sip delightedly the jujube's juice,
Shall breathe a warmer rapture on your loves.
There loiter till your friend and his fair maid,
The princess Madayantika, shall join you.

Madh.—This were indeed to crown my happiness.

Kal.—If luck befriend us, this will surely be.

Madh.—There cannot be a fear.

Lav.—Heard you, my friend?

Kam.—Lavangika
And Makaranda, we must now depart.

Mal.—What! must you go, Lavangika?

Lav.—(*Smiling.*)—I must.
This is our way.

[*Exeunt Kamandaki, Lavangika, and Makaranda.*

Madh.—Like some fair lotus is this trembling hand,
Along whose slender stalk the downy filaments

Erect extend, and from whose leaflet fingers
The pearly drops from love engendered fall.
I clasp it now in mine—as with his tusk
The elephant entwines the tender flower,
And gently wrests it from native lake.
[Exit with Malati.

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

THE PALACE OF NANDANA.

Enter BUDDHARAKSHITA.

So far so well. Makaranda well became his disguise as Malati, and by the instructions and good fortune of the dame has played his part unsuspected, and has been wedded to Nandana in the palace of the minister. Kamandaki then took leave, and has gone home, anticipating that the attendants will all be wearied with the bustle of the festival of bringing the bride to her husband's house,' and that the evening will be favourable to the execution of our design. In the meantime, Nandana, impatient to possess his bride, first endeavoured to soothe her alarms, and humbled himself at her feet. Finding this in vain, he had recourse to violence; but he was so severely handled by the supposed maiden that he was compelled to desist. Enraged at the treatment, the tears starting from his eyes with pain and vexation, and his speech inarticulate with fury, Nandana vowed he would have no more to say to one who was no better than the wanton of a boy. With this determination he left the apartments, and with this

opportunity we may bring Madayantika and Makaranda together.

[*Exist.*

SCENE II.—MAKARANDA *and* LAVANGIKA *on a couch in woman's attire discovered.*

Mak.—You are confident that Buddharakshita
Will make no blunder, and so disappoint
The project of the priestess ?

Lav.—Never fear :
And hark ! the tinkling foot bells-that proclaim
Their near approach : quick, spread this mantle over you,
And seem sleep. (*He lies down as she covers him.*

Enter MADAYANTIKA *and* BUDDHARASKHITA.

Maday.—Is indeed my brother
So grievously displeased with Malati ?

Buddh.—No doubt.

Maday.—But this is unbecoming—let us go
And take to task this rude ill-mannered girl.

Buddh.—This is her chamber door.

Maday.—Lavangika,
Sleeps your fair friend ?

Lav.—Yes ; do not break her slumbers.
She has been sadly vexed of late, and now,

Her cares awhile forgot, she tastes repose.
Here, gently seat you on the couch.

Maday.—(*Sits down.*) Indeed
She may be vexed; that she is rude, I'm sure.

Lav.—How, should she not be fretted—with a husband
So gently kind, affectionate, and mild,
So skilled to win a maiden's confidence,
As is your brother?

Maday.—Hey, Buddharakshita,—
We blame her strange perverseness,

Buddh.—Perverse may not on all occasions be
Perverseness.

Maday.—How so?

Buddh.—'Tis true she treated with but scant respect
The husband prostrate at her feet; still this
Was maiden bashfulness, and might be
pardoned.
You cannot deem so of your brother's anger,
Who in resentment of a coy resistance,
Such as became a virgin bride to offer
To boisterous violence, forgot all sense
Of his own dignity, and had recourse
To sheer abuse—such conduct is disgraceful
To you, not us. The poets well observe,
Women like flowers are of tender fabric,
And should be softly handled—they detest
The furious passion that would force their love,
Impatient, ere their confidence be won.

Lav.—Alas! who ever heard of such behavior?
In many a house, men of exalted rank
Are wedded unto maids of gentle birth.
But who, like fire the breeze blows into flame,
Is rendered furious by the chaste reluctance
Of his young, fair, and unoffending bride.
A husband's harshness renders home distasteful
To the desponding wife, tortures her heart
With poisoned shafts, and makes her wish
for death.
Occurrences like these compel a family
To murmur sorely when a girl is born.

Maday.—(*To Buddh.*) Our freind Lavangika seems
sadly grieved.
What fault so heinous is my brother charged
with?

Buddh.—Did we not hear his words?

Maday.—What were they?

Buddh.—"I will nought
Of one no better than a stripling's wanton."

Maday.—Folly! insanity! my friend Lavangika,
It is with shame I look you in the face.
But I should have some voice in this affair,
So hear what I advise.

Lav.—I am attentive.

Maday.—Dismiss the memory of my brother's
rudeness.
Remember only that he is the husband

Of our friend Malati: and to confess
The truth, you must admit there was some
cause
For this intemperate language, though unmeet
For female ears.

Lav.—I know no cause.

Maday.—It has been noised abroad,
That Malati had plighted her affection
To the youth Madhava. This is no mystery.
But now, dear friend, exert your utmost skill,
That such ill-starred aversion to her husband
May utterly be rooted from her heart:
If not, a grievous shame will 'light upon her,
For wives, resentful and ungentle, plague
The hearts of men—this fear that I have
hinted
You will not speak of.

Lav.—Hence, you heedless girl,
To be beguiled by loose report so easily:
I hold no further talk with you.

Maday.—Nay, nay,
Be not displeased: you need not hesitate
To own the truth—what, I suppose we
knew not—
That Malati had nearly pined to death
On Madhava's account. We did not mark
The delicate beauty of her wasting form,
Like the young tender *ketaki*; we saw not
The animating influence of the wreath

Of *vakula* flowers, wove by the hand of
Madhava;
Nor did we note the evident sympathy
Each frame expressed, when either showed
as wan
As the moon's pallid disk when morning dawns.
You may forget, that I beheld their glances,
When in the garden of the flower-armed god
The youth and maiden met: their eyes
encountering,
Swam with delight, and brilliant flashes shot
From each soft orb, uttering intelligibly
The language prompted by the soft emotion
That played through every agitated limb.
Then, when the news arrived the king had
given her
In marriage to my brother, was not a change,
As if the hand of adverse fate had scorched
Her charms, and rudely from its living bands
Had wrung her heart, that moment manifest?
Nay I remember too——

Lav.—What more?

Maday.—When, by the shrewd suggestion of the dame,
The youth was counselled to give Malati
Some token of his happiness, that his friend,
The brave preserver of my life, was brought
Again to conscious being, he presented her
His heart, and life; and, if I heard aright,

Lavangika replied, "My friend esteems
These liberal gifts most worthy her acceptance"
Lav.—And who was he—the saviour of your life?
I have forgotten him.
Maday.—Think, think again.
When I was chased by the ferocious beast,
And had no hope—the guardian youth apeared,
And heedless of a person which enshrines
The worth of all the world, quick interposed
His powerful arm to snatch me from destruction.
For me he braved the monster's mighty blows,
Falling like thunder strokes; his manly breast
Was scored with wounds, and ruddier than a wreath
Of crimson roses. But the tiger plied
His fang s and claws in vain—the hero triumped-
The furious sagave fell beneath his sword,
Lav.—Ah, I remember now—'twas Makaranda.
Maday.—Whom, say you?
Lav.—Makaranda. (*Taking hold of her.*)
How now!
What, are we all alike? How chances it,
That one so free from passion should betray,
Without apparent cause, this agitation,
And blossom like the *kadamba* flower?
Maday.—Why laugh at me? I own I often think
Of that baave youth who, reckless of his safety,
Rushed to my aid and snatched me from the jaws

Of all-devouring fate I frequent view him,
As the sharp pain of his innumerous wounds
Forced the big drops his exhaused limbs,
And leaning on his sword awhile he stood,
Then closed his lotus eyes and fainting fell—
Content to leave this glorious living world
For Madayantika, and in her presence.
Should I think less of one who saved my life?

Buddh.—All this is in your person plainly told.

Maday.—Away, away! I have betrayed myself,
Depending on your faith.

Lav.—Nay, dear girl;
We know that which we know. Come, be composed,
Confess the truth; there should be no disguise
Amongst such friends as we are. Let us taste
The pleasure mutual confidence bestows.

Buddh.—Lavangika is right.

Maday.—Well, I must need
Obey my friend.

Lav.—Come, tell us how of late
You pass your time?

Maday.—Heare me:
Before I saw the youth I frequent heard
His praise from Buddharakshita, and pleased
By her description, let my fancy dwell
Upon his absent image till my heart
Was filled with anxious longing to behold him.

At length 'twas willed by fate that we should
meet,
Though for brief interval. Oh, then I found
How deep a wound had Madana inflicted.
Life was distasteful to me—on my form
The scorching flames of passion fiercely preyed,
And filled my kind attendants with affliction.
The only remedy I saw was death ;
And anxious sought such welcome liberation.
Still Buddharakshita opposed my purpose,
Assuaged my growing sorrows, and persuaded
me
Still to endure this transitory world.
My dreams since comes to animate my hopes ;
Place in my eyes the object of my wishes ;
Bring to my ears the music of his voice,
Fold me within his grasp, and picture more
Than I dare tell you—till I wake and view,
Ah me ! the world a lone and dreary waste.

Lav.—'Tis honestly avowed , and well I know,
It costs our friend here no small pains to hide
Some of these feelings from your tittering train.

Maday.—You chatter giddily—I have done with you.

Buddh.—Regard her not, be sure that Malati
Has to her ear some similar confession.

Maday.—Nay, nay, you must not laugh at Malati.

Buddh.—Well, I have done , and now my tender
friend,

I have a question for you, if you promise me
Inviolate secrecy.

Maday.—What breach of trust
Have I committed, that there needs such promise?
My heart is wholly yours and Lavangika's.

Buddh.—If Makaranda cross your sight again
By any accident, what would you do?

Maday.—My eyes would rest unwearied on his form,
And on my heart would heavenly rapture fall.

Buddh.—And if, by love directed, he should offer
Such gentle violence as *Rukmini*
Endured from *Purushottama*, and wrung
Your bridal vows from you?

Maday.—(*Sighing.*) Why tease me
With such vain hopes?

Buddh.—Nay, answer me.

Lav.—Those sighs,
Deep-drawn, betray the secrets of her heart
And give you plain reply.

Maday.—What do you think of me?
He bought this body when he risked his own
And snatched me from the tiger—I am his.

Lav.—'Tis generously and gratefully resolved.

Buddh.—You will remember what you have now said.

Maday.—Hark! (*Drums without.*)
The drum proclaims the second watch begun;
I must disturb my friend, and try to soothe

Her indignation at my brother's conduct,
And then to rest. Why, Malati, asleep?
(*Goes to the couch, Makaranda shows his face and catches hold of her hand.*)
Hey, who is this?

Mak.—Fear nothing, gentle maid;
Let not that palpitating breast distress
Your slender waist. In me, behold your slave!
By your avowed affection elevated
To highest ecstasy.

Lav.—(*Holding up Madayantika's face*)
Behold your lover!
The object of your hopes. Within the palace
The servants soundly sleep—the night is dark,
Now show your gratitude, let us take off
Our tinkling anklets and depart.

Maday.—Where should we go?

Buddh.—Where Malati has gone.

Maday.—What! has she fled?

Buddh.—She has; now let me see,
What I must think of you.

(*Madyantika weeps.*)

(*To Mak.*) Noble youth,
My dear friend gives to you—herself.

Mak.—This is
A glorious conquest, and to-day I reap
The harvest of my youth—upon whose festival,
In proof of friendship, the fish-bannered god

Presents me in his bounty this dear maid.
Come, by this private entrance let us fly;
Our nightly journey will not want its pleasures.
The breeze that cool and fragrant sweeps along,
The lofty terrace or the palace top,
Reveals the joyous scenes it has surveyed,
As with the camphory balm, and flowery perfume,
And winey odours; redolent it blows.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

ACT VIII.

The Mansion of Kamandaki.

Enter Avalokita.

Whilst my mistress has gone to the palace of *Nandana*, I will seek Madhava and Malati. Ah, there they sit, upon the marble platform crowning the steps of the lake, refreshing themselves after the heat of the day. I will join them.

(*Exit.*

The Grove.

Malati *and* Madhava *discovered.—To them,* Avalokita.

Madh.—Night, ever friend to love, now spreads its shades.

Faint in the east the gentle moon-light gleams,
Pale as the palm's sear leaf, and through the air
The slowly rising breezes spread around
The grateful fragrance of the *ketakis*.
How shall I win this maid to confidence ?
My dearest Malati, whilst I retain
The cooling influence of the evening bath,
You are oppressed with heat the trembling drops,

Steal from your hair and quiver on your bosom,
And o'er your graceful form the down erect
Profusely rises. Whilst you suffer thus,
Come to my breast, let me but once embrace thee.
Why thus averse? Let those that confiding arms,
Upon whose taper length the sudden dews
Start with alarm as if the living gem,
Kissed by the moon distilled its gelid moisture,
Twine round my neck; and if this may not be,
Why may I not be blessed with your discourse?
What, if this frame, long scorched by southern gales
And by the lunar beams, may not aspire
To your embrace, yet let mine ear, distressed
By the wild *koil's* song, be now regaled
By your melodious voice, more musical
Than are the choirs of heaven.

Ava.—(*Advancing.*) What folly, this,—
What inconsistency!—late, in my presence,
When Madhava but a brief interval
Had disappeared, you were most miserable,
And thus exclaimed: "Where can my lord delay?

Would he were come, that I might gaze upon him
With eyelids never veiled, and all reserve
Discarded wholly, I might fly to him
And clasp him in my arms!" Those were your words;
And now, what contrast!

(*Malati looks at her spitefully.*)

Madh.—(*Apart.*) The dame's disciples,
Are all endowed with clear intelligence
And eloquence of speech. (*Aloud.*) How, Malati,
Speaks Avalokita the truth?

(*Malati shakes her head.*)

Or are you sworn to silence, by the lives
Of those whom best you love?

Mal.—(*In a hesitating manner.*) How should I know, my lord?

Madh.—Delightful, though imperfect sounds! But see! (*Pauses.*)
What should this mean? The starting tear-drop steals,
From those fawn eyes, and glisten on that cheek,
Upon whose pallid hue the moon-beams play,
As if the lunar orb desired to quaff
The nectar of its beauty.

Ava.—Why is this?
Why start these tears?

Mal.—(*To her.*) How long must I regret
The absence of Lavangika ; is it
Not possible to gather tidings of her ?

Madh.—(*To Avalokita.*) What says my love ?

Ava.—You have recalled the memory of Lavangika,
And she is anxious for some news of her,

Madh.—It was but now, I ordered Kalahamsa
To go, and secretly collect intelligence
At Nandana's abode. Surely the plan
That was to win my friend a lovely bride
Cannot have failed ?

Ava.—Be sure of it,
But tell me, Madhava,
You gave your life and heart to Malati,
When brought again to consciousness—suppressed
By fear for Makaranda's bleeding wounds.
Now, if that friend beloved should win the maid,
And thus your happiness should be increased,
What gift remains to speak your gratitude
To him who may impart the pleasing tidings ?

Madh.—She tells me what to do. (*Looking at his bosom.*)
This garland, wove
Of the sweet flowers of that beauteous tree
That graced the grove of Madana, beneath
Whose conscious shade I first saw Malati,
Shall be my free-will gift. It has been prest

Already to her bosom—from my hands
Conveyed by her dear friend Lavangika ;
And in her error, thinking that she gave
The garland to Lavangika again
To bear to me it came to me once more
From her, by whom all that I prize is given me.

Ava.—Malati, this garland ought to be
Something in your esteem—be on your guard
It do not pass into a stanger's hands.

Mal.—You counsel well.

Madh.—(*Looking out.*) 'Tis Kalahamsa.

Mal.—(*Approaching.*) Fate favours you, and Madayantika
Is won.

Madh.—(*Embracing her.*) The news is ecstasy.

(*Takes the garland from his neck and throws it on Malati's.*)

Ava.—The charge consigned to Buddharakshita,
Is well accomplished.

Mal.—And I see
Lavangika again.

Enter hastily KALAHAMSA, MADAYANTIKA, BUDDHARAKSHITA *and* LAVANGIKA.

Lav.—Help, prince ! the city-guard have stopped midway,
Your galland friend ; he checks pursuit alone'
That we with Kalahamsa might escape.

Kal.—And as we fled, we heard on every side
The gathering tumult; so that I fear fresh force
Has joined the guard.

Ava.—Alas! how sad a chance!
One hour produces happiness and terror.

Madh.—Come, Madayantika, my dwelling,
Is honoured by your presence. For my friend—
His prowess is well known—be not alarmed;
Dread not, though singly he contented with multitudes.
To such as he, odds are of little moment;
He needs no succour but his own right arm,
Resistless as the lion, when delightedly
He rings his clashing claws, and cleaves asunder
The elephant's broad temples, from whose hollows
The trickling dew flows over the shattered cheek.
Ambitious to pursue the glorious path
A hero treads, I haste to aid my friend.

[*Exit with Kalahamsa.*

Ava.—Assuredly these heroes will return
Unhurt.

Mal.—Do you and Buddharakshita
Apprise Kamandaki of this mischance.
Lavangika, overtake my lord; entreat him

That he and his brave friend will think of us,
And shun all needless danger—go, be speedy.
[*Exeunt the three.*

After a pause

Mal.—Lavangika delays—why comes she not?
This is a fearful interval; dear girl
(*To Madayantika*),
I will go forth along the road, and meet
Lavangika returning.

Maday.—My right eye throbs. [*Retires.*

As MALATI *is going, enter* KAPALAKUNDALA.

Kap.—Hold.

Mal.—(*Screams.*) Ah! husband! (*In an under-tone —stops terrified.*)

Kap.—Yes, call upon him.
Where is your love, the murderer of the pious,
The youthful paramour of wanton girls?
Let him, your husband, save you if he can.
Bird of the wild, that tremblest to behold
The hovering hawk, what canst thou hope, long marked
My prey? I bear thee with me to *Sri Parvata*,
There to consign thee to a painful death,
Torn piecemeal—victim of my just revenge.
(*Carries off Malati.*)

Maday.—(*Coming forward.*)
I will even follow Malati.
Ha! Malati.

Lav.—(*Enters.*) 'Tis I, Lavangika.

Maday.—How! have you seen the princess?

Lav.—I have not.

Scarce had we left the garden's boundaries,
When hearing the increasing noise, the youth
Sprang speedily away, and in an instant
Was lost amidst the throng: in vain I followed,
And thought it better to retrace my steps.
As I returned, I heard from every house
Regret for Makaranda and his friend—
The citizens were grieving for their fate.
The king, they said, had been informed the youths
Had borne away the daughter of the minister,
And furiously incensed, had sent his guards
To seize the fugitives—himself awaiting
Upon the palace-terrace their return.

Maday.—Ah me, unhappy! I have heard my death.

Lav.—But where is Malati?

Maday.—She went to watch
The road you should return. I then pursued
Her steps, but have not seen her since. Most likely,
She has gone into the garden.

Lav.—Let us seek her. Hold! who comes here?
'Tis Kalahamsa: quick, your news,

Enter KALAHAMSA.

Kal.—We have got well out of the scuffle ! Oh, dear me ! I think I now see the glittering gleam of the polished sabres flashing in the moonlight—a pretty but awful appearance : and then what a tumult from the hostile force ! Assailed by the irresistible, merciless, and active Makaranda, they fled in dismay, and confusion, with a clamour which filled the whole space of heaven, like that emitted by the tossing waves of *Kalindi* when they were turned from their course by the mighty plough of *Balarama*, in fulfilment of the menace that wine had dictated. I shall not forget either the prowess of my master Madhava. He soon cleared the road of the soldiers : they ran with no little speed, those who could, while covering the road with heaps of various weapons, thrown away in their flight from the concentrated thunder-stroke of his formidable arm. The king has truly a regard for merit. His eye dwelt with complacency on the lovely countenances of Madhava and Makaranda, as they stood before him on the terrace, whither, after the affray was composed by the monarch's attendants, they had been respectfully conducted. Having heard their rank and connections from me, the youths received every honour, and his majesty turning to Bhurivasu and Nandana, who stood nigh, their faces as black as ink with rage and disappointment, said to them very condescendingly : "How now ! are you not content with kinsmen such as these, ornaments of the world, emi-

nent in worth and descent, and handsome as the new moon?" So saying, he withdrew to the interior, and Madhava and Makaranda were dismissed. They are now coming, and I have been sent on before to carry the tidings to the pious dame.

Lav.—(*To Madayantika.*) Delightful news for you, nor less acceptable
To our dear Malati: let us haste to find her.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter MADHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Madh.—I cannot choose but marvel at thy prowess,
So more than mortal—breaking thy way resistless
Through all opposing ranks, scattering the timid,
And levelling the fiercest with thy arm.
On either hand the frightened troops retired,
As forced my friend a path amidst the wave
Of battle, tossing with innumerous heads.

Mak.—I do foresee the valiant will lose credit
With their fair nymphs, who in these festal nights,
Irradiated with the lunar beam,
Pledge deep the wine-cup, and impatiently
Court amorous dalliance from their lords returned.
They will declare that men are pithless grown,

When they shall find how ill the limbs are tuned.
To love, crushed, bruised, and mangled by thy vigour.

Madh.—We must not be unmindful of the clemency
The king displayed, whose favour overlooked
So readily our offences. Come, I long
To hear the story Kalahamsaka
Has told, I know full well, to both the damsels.
You must prepare to tell the tale again,
Whilst Madayantika declines her head
Veiling her eyes with modesty, afraid
To meet the sidelong smiling glance of Malati,
Here is the garden gate.

[They enter.

Madh.—How! all deserted!

Mak.—Alarmed, no doubt, at hearing our return
Was intercepted, they must have dispersed,
And hid themselves amid the garden shades.
Search we about.

They search, and enter LAVANGIKA *and* MADAYANTIKA.

Lav.—Ho, Madayantika!
Here's Malati. Ah no! yet fate is favourable;
The princely youths return.

Mak and Madh.—But where is Malati?

Lav.—Where Malati? Alas! we thought the tread
Of feet bespoke her here.

Madh.—My heart misgives me—
My mind, on that dear maid alone intent,
Desponds, and all my inmost soul gives way.
My left eye throbs, and then these words—ah me!
What hope remains?—she's lost to me ever!

Maday.—When you had left us, Malati despatched
The dame's attendants to their pious mistress—
Lavangika she bade convey her prayers
To her loved lord, to shun all needless peril.
Next, anxious for your tidings, she herself
Went forth to watch the road; and since that time
I saw her not. We were even now engaged
In quest of her, amidst the shady groves,
When we encountered you.

Madh.—My dearest Malati,
How many thoughts of evil omen crowd
Upon my spirit! If 'tis in sport thou hidest,
Forego the barbarous pastime; if in anger,
Behold me humbled. If thou wouldst try my love,
The test is undergone: oh, yield reply;
My heart can bear no more—now thou art cruel!

Women.—O dearest friend, where art thou?

Mak.—(*To Madhava.*) Do not yield
Thus to despair—uncertain of her loss.

Madh.—Oh, think what agony she must have suffered,
In terror for my safety.

Mak.—That may be
But we have not yet thought to seek
The venerable priestess.

Women.—Let us fly to her.

Madh.—Yes, let us haste.

Mak.—(*Apart.*) If we should find the damsel with the dame,
'Tis well; if not, I tremble for her life.
Alas! too vain is the happiness
That kindred, friends, or lovers taste, as brief
As lightning's transient glare.

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.

ACT IX.

THE VINDHYAN MOUNTAINS.

Enter SAUDAMINI.

From the tall mount *Sri-Saila*, I, Saudamini,
Have sought the royal city *Padmavati*,
And now the steps of Madhava pursue.
Unable to endure the scenes where late
His Malati was lost, the youth is wandering,
Attended by his ever faithful friend,
Amidst these rugged paths and rocky valleys.
(*Alights*.)
How wide the prospect spreads—mountain and rock,
Towns, villages, and woods, and glittering streams!
There where the *Para* and the *Sindhu* wind,
The towers and temples, pinnacles and gates,
And spires of *Padmavati*, like a city
Precipitated from the skies, appear,
Inverted in the pure translucent wave.
There flows *Lavana's* frolic stream, whose groves,
By early rains refreshed, afford the youth
Of *Padmavati* pleasant haunts, and where

Upon the herbage brightening in the shower
The heavy-uddered kine contented browse—
Hark! how the banks of the broad *Sindhu* fall,
Crashing, in the undermining current.
Like the loud voice of thunder-laden clouds,
The sound extends, and like *Heramba's* roar,
As deepened by the hollow echoing caverns,
It floats reverberating round the hills.
Those mountains coated with thick clustering
woods
Of fragrant *sandal* and the ripe *malura*,
Recall to memory the lofty mountains
That southward stretch, where *Godavari*
Impetuous flashes through the dark deep shade
Of skirting forests, echoing to her fury—
Where meet the *Sindhu* and the *Madhumati*,
The holy fane of *Swarnavindu* rises,
Lord of *Bhavani*, whose illustrious image
Is not of mortal fabric. (*Bowing.*) Hail! all
hail!
Creator of the universal world. Bestower
Of all good gifts. Source of the sacred *Vedas*,
God of the crescent-crested diadem. Destroyer
Of love's presumptuous power. Eldest lord
And teacher of mankind, all glory be to thee!
(*Going.*)
This mountain is, in truth, a grateful scene.
The peaks are blackened with dew dropping
clouds,

And pleased the peafowl shriek along the groves.
The ponderous rocks upbear the tangled bowers,
Where countless nests give brightness to the gloom.
The inarticulate whine of the young bears
Hisses and mutters through the caverned hills,
And cool, and sharp, and sweet, the incense spreads,
Shed from the boughs the elephant's tusk has sundered.
(*Looking.*)
'Tis noon: the lapwing for the cassia's shade
From the *Gambhari* wings its way. The pelican,
Whose beak has sipped the acid fruit beside
The stream, hastes now to plunge amidst its waters.
The *gallinule* creeps panting to the hollow
The *Tinisa* presents, and lower down,
Amidst the woods, the wild fowl make reply
To the soft murmuring of the mournful dove,
As in her nest she pours her frequent song.
Enough! I now will to the youths, and offer them
Such consolation as I may. (*Exit.*)

Enter MADHAVA *and* MAKARANDA.

Mak.—How dreary is the state, when nor the mind
Dare cherish hope, nor may indulge despair

Like helpless brutes, fate whirls us round at will,
And ever plunges us in new misfortune.

Madh.—Ah Malati, where art thou? How so soon
Couldst thou desert me, ere my truth was known?
Remorseless maid, relent—behold my sorrows!
How canst thou prove thus cruel to that Madhava,
Once so beloved! Behold me! I am he,
On whom thy hand, bound with the golden thread,
Conferred in other days embodied bliss.
Alas! my friend, where in the world again
Shall equal tenderness be found? I long
Endured with withering limbs, like drooping flow'rets
The feverish pangs of love, till in the end,
Unable further to sustain the conflict,
I was content to cast away my life
Like worthless grass. What then remained for me
But to secure with gentle violence
That precious hand? Before the marriage rite
Ere I had dared to hope, you may recall
My still increasing passion, sealed with tears,
Emaciate limbs, and heart-distracting anguish.
Such as I was, I am; and still my mind
Is tossed with agony. How strange it is,

This heart, that sorrow lacerates, does not break,
This frame, that sinks with anguish, cannot lose
Its conscious being; on my vitals preys
A burning fire, yet turns them not to ashes;
And fate, that piecemeal tears me, spares my life!

Mak.—As fierce as destiny, the flaming sun
Accords but ill with your exhausted strength.
Let us here rest awhile upon the marge
Of this wide lake, across whose shallow waters,
Cool with the spray, and fragrant with the odours
Gleaned from the yet young lotus, gently blows
The fresh and friendly breeze. It will revive you.
(*They sit—Makaranda continues, to himself.*)
I will endeavour to divert his thoughts.
(*Aloud.*) My friend, a moment interrupt your tears.
Behold awhile the beauties of this lake,
Where on its slender stem the lotus trembles,
Brushed by the passing swan, as on he sails,
Singing his passion. (*Madhava jumps up.*)

Mak.—He heeds me not, and now would hence. My friend,
One instant pause—taste the delightful perfume

That o'er the wave the bending *bayas* scatters,
Or jasmine clustering round the flowery shore.
Observe, how smile the mountains, thickly set
With budding *kutajas*, up to the very peaks,
Where stretches dark the canopy of clouds,
Inspiring rapture in the dancing peafowl.
Thick on the hill's broad bosom the *kadamba*
Shows bright with countless blossoms on the summit
Rest the black clouds in lengthening line the streams
Descend through rows of budding *ketakas*,
And all the waving woods now laugh, emblazoned
With the *silindhra* and the *lodhra* flowers.

Madh.—I mark, my friend, the distant woods present
A beauteous sight—but what of that? Ah me!
What else should thought suggest? The days approach
When the long line of clouds shall shed on earth
Their amaranthine drops, trembling in the breeze
That from the east comes powerful, and embued
With the rich odours of the *sal* and *arjuna*,
Those days that boast the grateful interchange
Of heat and moisture, and the fragrant breath
The earth bestows, sprinkled with genial showers.

Ah! Malati, how can I bear to contemplate
The stooping clouds, as purple as the blossoms
Of young *tamala* trées; the rain-drops
trembling
Before the cooling gale; the joyful cry
That echoes round, as pleased the peafowl hail
The bow of heaven propitious to their loves?
(*Faints.*)

Mak.—How hapless is the state of my dear friend!
My heart of adamantine mould could feel
Some taste of pleasure—now, alas, all hope
For Madhava is lost. How void of sense
He lies! Ah! Malati, how canst thou be
Thus unrelenting? Once for him you scorned
Your friends and ventured boldly. He has done
Now wrong to thee; then why this stern
desertion?
He does not breathe. Fate robs me of my
happiness.
My heart is rent—my fibres fall apart.
The world is blank. I burn with inward
fires—
My soul sinks plunged into the glooms of hell,
And dim obscurity veils every sense.
What shall I do? The gentle source of
pleasure
To friendship's heart—the orb whose radiance
shed
Ambrosia on the eyes of Malati—the happiness

Of Makaranda—the bright ornament
Of all the world, now perishes. Alas!
My friend, my Madhava, thou wast to me
The *sandal* of my form, the autumnal moon
Of these fond eyes, and rapture to my heart.
Now am I slain— untimely fate uproots
A life that knew no other wish then thee—
Remorseless, deign to smile upon thy friend.
Speak to me; say, dost thou not know thy friend,
Thy fond and faithful friend, thy Makaranda?

(*Madhava appears to recover.*)

Delightful shadows shedding on the world
New life—the cool refreshing drops that fall
From yon, cærulean cloud revive my friend.

Madh.—(*Recovering.*) Where in this thicket may I hope to find
An envoy to my love? Ha! yonder winds
Around the mountain's brow the gathering cloud,
Black as the tall *tamala*. As it stoops
From its high course, it pours its tribute down
Into the river bed, that gliding laves
The ebon *jambu* groves laden with fruit.

(*Rises and bows.*)

Thy form the lightning lovingly entwines,
Thy coming, thirsty *chatakas* proclaim;
The east wind fans thee with its gentle breath
And *Indra's* bow irradiates thy course.

Hark! with deep voice he answers, and the sound,
Mixed with the peacock's raptured cry reverberates
Along the echoing caves. He bids me speak.—
Majestic cloud—if haply as thou roamest
Free on thy airy path, thou shouldst behold
My love! allay the conflicts of her mind
Tell her her Madhava's distress, but heed.
You do not snap the slender thread or hope
That now alone sustains her fragile life.
He onward bends his course: I too will hence. (*Going.*)

Mak.—Alas! the reason of my noble friend
Is clouded by insanity. Pious dame,
Observe his state, and lend thy guardian aid.

Madh.—How now! the beauty of my love I view
In these young buds. Her eye the deer display—
The elephant has stolen her gait—her grace
The waving creeper shows—she has been slain,
And all her charms are scattered through the wild.
My love! my Malati! (*He faints.*)

Mak.—Obdurate heart, why break'st thou not, afflicted
By Madhava's affliction—as my friend,

The shrine of all desert, lord of my life,
The fellow of my childhood's sports, in youth
My fond associate, thus laments his love.

Madh.—(*Sighing and rising.*)—Such close similitude the hand of *Brahma*
Creates but sparingly—it must be so.
Ho! ye who tenant these high-towering rocks
And leafy woods, I call to you; awhile
Grant me attention. Tell me, have you seen
Amidst these wilds a nymph of loveliest beauty,
Or know ye where she strays? I will describe
Her charms. Love rages tyrant in her bosom,
But lavishes his bounties on her form.—
Alas! the peafowl, as he dances wild
With rapture, drowns my sorrows with his cry—
With rolling eyeballs the *chakora* flies
After his mate—the ape his female's cheeks
Besmears with flowery dust. Whom should I sue to?
Vain the request unseasonably proferred.
There, leaning on the *rohin*'s hollow stem, the elephant
Wearied supports his trunk upon his mate;
With the sharp points of his vast tusks he rubs
The corners of her eyes; he fans her form
With his broad ears, and thrusts into her mouth

The broken fragments of the incense bough.
How blest the master of the forest herd!
But yon dejected animal bewails
His absent female. To the muttering clouds
He breathes no murmured echo—from the lake
He gleans no grateful fodder, and he roams
With humbled brow, where silent sits the bee,
Deprived the nectar of the frontal juice.—
Enough of this despondence! I will hence.
This is, indeed, the proud exulting monarch
Of the huge herd: his mighty roar invites
Grateful his willing mate; down his broad cheek
The viscid fluid sheds such cooling odour
As from the newly ripe *kadamba* breathes.
He rends away the lotus leaf, and stem,
And roots, and filaments, as in the lake
He madly plunges, frightening from their nests
The osprey and the heron, and to the tune
Of his ferocious love, his ponderous ears
Waved dancing, lash the water into foam.
I will approach him.—Sovereign of the wild,
Thy youthful prowess merits praise no less
Than thine ingenuous fondness for thy mate.
With water fragrant with the rich perfume,
Drawn from the flowery lake, thou washest down
The savoury morsels of the lotus stalk,
With which thou erst hadst fed her—then in sport

Thou scatteeest with thy trunk the silvery
spray
Upon her brow?—Ah shame! why wav'st
thou not
The straight-stemmed lotus over her, as a
shade
Against the sun?—Ah me! upon the brute
I waste the hours due unto my friend.
Yet Makaranda I lament the most
In this, I grieve alone—nor would I taste
Of any pleasure that thou couldst not share.
Perish the day that is not spent with thee
And with my Malati! False are the joys
That spring from any source but her and thee.

Mak.—Alas! amidst his wanderings he recalls
The fervour of his friendship, and some chord
Awakes his love, though reckless of my
presence
(*Advances.*)—Behold me here! your faithful
sorrowing friend.

Madh.—My friend, can it be true? Oh, let me be
Convinced by thine embrace. Alas, I die.
I have no hope, my Malati is lost! (*Faints.*)

Mak.—(*Looking.*) Alas! the consciousness that my
embrace
Had waked, again has flown—what hope is
left me!
Alone, the sad conviction now survives
My friend is lost to me. Ah, Madhava,

I now may banish all those needless fears
For your tranquillity, my anxious heart
Has in its love unceasing entertained.
Ah, happier were the moments of distress
That still evinced perception. All is over
And now this body is a barren load,
Life is congealed, the faculties are dim,
And all the world a blank. Time is the source
Of ceaseless anguish, and the living world
Cold, dead, and cheerless, now that thou art
gone.
Now what have I to do, beholding thus
The fate of Madhava? It shall be so—
From this tall mountain summit will I plunge
Into the stream, the herald of my friend,
And glad precede him to the shades below.
(*Approaching and looking at Madhava.*)
Is this the form I have so oft embraced
Insatiate, and whose grace the eye of Malati,
Bewildered with a love till then unknown,
Delighted drank? How wonderful, combined
Such countless merits with such early years.
Upon the world's tiara didst thou shine
The glittering gem; and now thou fallst, a
prey
To death—like the full moon to *Rahu's* jaws
Consigned—or like the volumed cloud, thin
scattered
Before the driving breeze; or like the tree,

That ere it puts its goodliest blossoms forth,
Consumes to ashes in the forest's blaze.
Let me once more embrace him, and address
My last farewell to my expiring friend.
Shrine of pure knowledge and of noblest
worth,
Lord of the life of Malati, reflection
Of all surpassing loveliness; divinity
Of female hearts, autumnal moon, that
swayed.
The tide of friendship's main, and charmed
the days
Of Makaranda and the pious priestess—
My friend, my Madhava, accept this last,
This fond embrace, from him whose life began
Before thou wast, and who now terminates.
His blighted days. A little while he lives
And do not thou forbid his fixed design.
Through life I have partaken of thy fortune,
And drank in childhood of thy mother's milk,
It must not be, that thou shalt quaff alone
The sad libations of thy sorrowing kin.

(*Leaves him and retires.*)

Deep underneath the precipice the stream
Flows rapid. Mighty lord of Gauri, hail!
Grant me with Madhava such future birth,
That, as in this life, I again may be,
In that to come, his follower and friend.

(*Going to precipitate himself, is withheld by Saudamini.*)

Forbear, my son! forego your desperate purpose.

Mak.—And who art thou, that seekest to stay my will?

Saud.—Art thou not Makaranda?

Mak.—Let me go,

I am that luckless wretch!

Saud.—In me behold

The mistress of supernal power, and see

The vestiges of Malati.

(*Shows the Cakula garland.*)

Mak.—How! lives she?

Saud.—Do not fear. But what insanity

Is this, and how unwelcome to your friend!

Where is he?

Mak.—With despair o'ercome, even now

I left him—let us seek him—haste!

Madh.—(*Recovering.*) Who wakes.

My soul to sorrow once again—the wind,

Scattering the new and heavy laden clouds

Regardless of my woes, has broke my slumbers.

Mak.—Blest sight, my friend, revives!

Saud.—(*Looking at Madhava, then apart.*) The forms of both

These youths has Malati with truth described.

Madh.—Hail, eastern gale! dissolve the dropping clouds,

And gratify the longing *chataka*—

Arouse the peafowl's rapture, and expand
The blossoms of the *ketaki* —awhile,
The absent lover, lost to sense, forgot
His misery; thou again hast called his soul
To conscious agony—what wouldst thou more?

Mak.—The all-pervading wind diffuses life
To creatures animate.

Madh.—Celestial breeze,
Bear, with the fragrant odours thou hast wrung
From the *kadamba* blossoms, to my love.
The life of *Madhava*—or rather breathe
From her, impregnante with the cooling
perfume
Of her delicious form—thou art alone
My hope.

(*Bows with joined hands applied to his forehead.*)

Sand.—This is the season to present
The well-known garland.

(*Throws it over his hands.*)

Madh.—Ha! the wreath I wove
Of *bakula* flowers, amidst the sacred shades
Of *Kama's* temple, and long fondly worn
Upon the bosom of my best beloved.
It is the same—this is the part
Lavangika was pleased to hear my Malati
Pretend was strung awry; a mere pretext,
To veil the irrepressible delight,
Her radiant countenance too plain revealed.

(*Jumps up.*)

Now Malati, behold! ah no, you heed not
My hapless state—my parting breath escapes,
My heart desponds—my body is on fire,
And darkness spreads around me—oh, be quick:
You need not mock my sorrow—cast upon me
One bliss-diffusing glance—oh, be not pitiless.
(*Looking round, then at the garland.*)
How did she give me this—welcome, dear wreath,
The favourite of my love, and long her friend.
Oh, whencesoever borne, welcome, most welcome!
When on that gentle form, the scorching flame
Of love resistless preyed, and all her maidens
Despaired—thy grateful succour saved the days
Of Malati,—she clasped thee to her bosom,
And dreamt she pressed her lover to her heart.
Well I recall thy various passages,
Between my neck and that of my beloved,
Engendering tenderness, exciting hope,
And animating passion's glowing fires.
(*Puts his garland to his heart and faints.*)

Mak.— Revive, my friend. (*Fanning him.*)

Madh.—Ha, Makaranda!
Dost thou not see how Malati's affection
Is sealed with her fair hand—how chanced it? say,
Dost thou not know?

Mak.—This holy dame has brought
These traces of the maid.

Madh.—(*Bowing.*) With favouring ear.
Receive my prayers,—oh, tell me, Malati,
Say, does she live?

Saud.—Be of good cheer, my son;
She lives.

Madh.—How, where?—oh, speak!

Saud.—Some while ago it chanced,
Aghoraghanta at *Karala's* shrine
Fell by the arm of Madhava, in rescue
Oh his fair maid.

Madh.—Enough! I know the whole.

Mak.—How so?

Madh.—Kapalakundala, his partner—

Mak.—Is it e'en so?

Saud.—My son conjectures rightly.

Mak.—Alas! how beauteous did the union show
Of the bright moonlight and the lotus bed,
Till, like a dark unseasonable cloud,
Fate frowning came to intercept their joys.

Madh.—Into what dreadful hands has Malati
Now fallen!—to what exposed!—O lovely
maid,
How couldst thou bear the grasp unpitying
Of the fierce fiend—like the pale struggling
moon,
By hideous meteor seized? Kapalakundala

Respect her tender form—repress thy spirit
Malign, and learn benevelence—the flow ret
By nature delicate, should not be crushed
With blows, but gently twined around the
brow.

Saud.—Enough! be calm. Remorseless as she is,
She dares not harm the maid—I will prevent
her.

Madh. and Mak.—(*Bowing.*) Accept our thanks. Oh
say, to what we owe
Thy friendly care?

Saud.—It is enough, at present,
To learn, that in your cause I will exert
The powerful knowledge, mystic rites and
prayers,
Devout observance, and a sainted teacher,
Have armed me with. Come. Madhava, attend
me.

(*Takes hold off Madhava, and they disappear.*)

Mak.—Astonishing reverse! the fearful gloom
Yields to the lightning flash of hope, and
instant
The cheated eye resumed its wanted faculty.
(*Looks round.*)
How now, my friend not here! what can this
be!
The dame is powerful in her magic rites,
But this alarms me. From one fear escaped.

Another comes to agitate my heart.
My mind is tossed amidst delight and dread,
And doubts one moment caused, subside the
next.
I'll seek the priestess, who amidst the wood,
Is roaming with her friends, and to her ear
Impart these wondrous chances.

Exit.

END OF THE NINTH ACT.

ACT X.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.

Enter KAMANDAKI, MADAYANTIKA, *and* LAVANGIKA.

Kam.—My pride, my child, my Malati, where art thou ?
Oh, yield me a reply. Your countless graces,
Your modesty, your elegance, your gentleness
Rise to my memory, consume my frame,
And rend my heart asunder. O my daughter,
I well recall your infant countenance,
Your pleasing prattle, and the transient tears
And smiles, that showed the young teeth budding forth.

Maday. and Lav.—O dearest friend, more radiant than the moon
Ah, whither hast thou flown ? can fate assail
Remorseless thus, thy form as delicate
As the *sirisha* blossoms, and pursue thee
Unfriended and alone ? O Madhava,
Thy promised joys are blighted in this world.

Kam.—Alas ! my children, in your fond embrace
And new delight, fate, like a rising gale,
That fells the tree and tender vine together,
Has struck ye to the ground.

Lav.—Obdurate heart,

Despairing, still to torture me!

(Beats her breast, and falls on the ground.)

Madav.—Nay do not yet

Yield to despair.

Lav.—Alas, my life is bound

With bonds of adamant, and will not leave me.

Kam.—My dear child,

From birth, Lavangika was dear to thee,

And dost thou not compassionate her now?

Disdaining life, deprived of thee, her days

Are fading into gloom, as fluttering sinks

The lamp no oil supplies—How canst thou quit

Kamandaki, within whose garb enfolded

Thy infant limbs to health and beauty grew?

From the maternal breast wast thou confided,

A delicate plaything, to my guardian care,

At first to glad thy sports, but more advanced

To learn the duties of thy state; now grown

To years mature, I have beheld thee wedded

To a loved husband, picked from all the world.

More than a mother's claims upon thy love

Have I—ingrate, thou leavest me to despair.

Ah me, I vainly hoped I should behold

A beauteous boy hang fondly at thy breast,

Or sport upon thy lap, his brow and forehead

White with protecting flour, his lovely face
Brightened with causeless smiles.

Lav.—Most holy dame,
I can no more endure this load of life:
This precipice relieves me of the burthen.
Grant me your blessing, that in after-life
I may once more behold my friend.

Kam.—My daughter,
Life is alike unwelcome to my bosom,
Deprived of my dear children, and despair
Invades my heart; but different merits claim
A different birth, and if we should not gain
Reunion with our friends in days to come,
Abandonment of present life would yield
No fruit but vain repentance.

Lav.—Be it so.

Kam.—Daughter, Madayantika,

Maday.—Your commands—
If they direct me lead the way to death,
Behold, I am prepared.

Lav.—Dear friend, refrain
From self-destruction—keep me in your memory.

Maday.—Away, I am not subject to your will.

Kam.—(*Apart.*)—Alas! there is no hope.

Maday.—(*Apart.*) Dear husband, fare thee well.

Lav.—This is the loftiest point, and far below
The Madhumati twines its glittering zone.

Kam.—Enough—our purpose brooks not of delay.

(*They are about to cast themselves down.*)

(*Without.*) Astonishing reverse!—the fearful gloom
Yields to the lightning flash of hope.

Kam.—Who comes?—
My son,

Enter MAKARANDA.

Without your friend! say, how is the this?

Mak.—A dame of more than mortal powers has used
Her art in our behalf.

(*Without.*) A fearful crowd is gathered—Bhurivasu,
Despising life and spurning worldly hopes,
Since he has learned his daughter's death, repairs,
To cast himself into the raging flames
At Swarnavindu's shrine. Alas, we all
Shall mourn his fate.

Lav. and Madny. How short an interval
Rejoined those lovers in each other's sight!

Kam. and Mak.—'Tis most miraculous! what strange events
This day alternate! Drops of fragrant sandal
And sharp-edged swords in the same shower commingle
And sparks of flame, and streams of heavenly nectar,
Descend together from unclouded skies.
The life-restoring drug with poison blends,

And light and gloom; and destiny entwines
The thunderbolt and lunar rays together.

Mal.—(*Without.*) Dear father, hold! Oh, let me view again
The lotus of thy countenance—oh, turn
Thy gaze upon thy child. How, for my sake,
Canst thou desert thyself, the brilliant boast,
Of an auspicious race, whose fame pervades
Both earth and heaven? Ah, wherefore purpose thus
Again to plunge me into bitterest woe?

Kam.—My daughter, how is this? Art thou redeemed
From death, once more to be exposed to peril,
As lurk the demons of eclipse, to seize
The feeble moon scarce stuggling out of darkness!

Lav.—Behold our friend!

Enter MADHAVA *carrying* MALATI *senseless.*

Madh.—Alas! from danger rescued, has again
Fear fallen upon thee—who shall bar the gate
To shut out adverse destiny?

Mak.—My friend,
Where is the dame?

Madh.—With her we hither speeded
Swift from *Sri-Parvata*; but when we heard
The news the forester imparted to us,
I missed her suddenly.

Kam. and Mak.—O dame of power,
Befriend us still; why hast thou disappeared!

Madav. and Lav.—My Malati, I speak to thee, thy friend—
Priestess, preserve us; still she is insensible;
She does not breathe, her heart is still. Alas!
The sire and daughter are to each other,
In turn, the instrument of death.

Kam.—My dear child!

Madh.—My love!

Mak.—My friend!

Kam.—(*Looking up.*) What welcome drops are these
That fall from heaven to aid us?

Madh.—She revives—
Long sighs relieve her labouring breast; her heart
Resumes its pulse; her gentle eye unfolds;
And from unconscious stillness that dear face
Once more expands, as at the dawn of day
The lotus bears its bosom to the sun.
(*Behind.*) Dear to the king's entreaties, and the prayers
Of Nandana, though humbled at his feet,
Upon the flaming merge, the minister
By me has been prevented, and recalled
To life and joy.

Madh. and Mak.—(*Looking up.*) Mark, holy dame—from heaven,
The kind magician pours upon our hearts

The nectar of her tidings: they surpass
The virtue of the balmly shower.

Kam.—Blest news!

All.—Our happiness is now secure.

Kam.—My child!

Mal.—The priestess!

(*Falls at her feet. Kamandaki raises and embraces her.*)

Kam.—Restored to life, my child, to life restore
Your friends, and with your fond embraces, cool
As lunar rays, reanimate existence
In those who live for you.

Madh.—(*To Makaranda.*) My faithful friend
This breathing world may now be well-endured.

Mak.—In sooth, it may.

Maday and Lav.—Dear Malati, confirm
The happiness we see, by your embrace.

Mal.—My dearest friends! (*Embraces them.*)

Kam.—Tell me, my sons, how chanced these strange events?

Madh.—Our past misfortunes were the wrathlul work
Kapalkundala's revenge inspired;
And that we 'scap'd her toils, our thanks are due
To this propitious and all-powerful friend.

Kam.—Agharghanta's death was then the source
Of these mischances!

Mal.—The lingering dart
Of fear is now extracted from our hearts.

Lav.—The loves of Malati and Madhava
Will now no more be thwarted.

Mak.—See, where come
Our other friends, and faithful Kalahamsa.

Enter AVALOKITA, BUDDHARAKSHITA, *and* KALAHAMSA.

All.—(*Bowing.*) Glory to Kamandaki, the sage
Perfector of all aims! Glory to Madhava
The moon that sheds delight on Makaranda!
Now fate propitious smiles.

Lav.—Who does not share
This general joy?

Kam.—And that our story,
Full of strange varied incidents, is closed
In happiness, deserves congratulation.

Sau.—And Devarata and his ancient friend,
Will see with joy their children now are
joined
In that alliance they so long projected.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) Hey—how is this?

Madh. and Mak.—(*To Kamandaki.*)—How sorts the
dame's discourse
With past events?

Lav.—(*Apart to Kam.*)—What is to be said?

Kam.—(*To her.*) We need no longer fear
The wrath of Nandana, now we obtain

His sister's aid, (*Aloud.*) 'Tis even as you have heard.
Whilst yet I taught your fathers, they agreed.
That when their children came to years mature,
Their hands should be united; and they left
Saudamini and me to take those cares
That might secure your union, hoping thus
To shun the anger of exalted rank.

Mal.—(*Apart.*) What marvellous secrecy!

Madh. and Mak.—It moves our wonder.
Yet must the schemes of the illustrious, planned
For virtuous ends, and prudently conducted,
Ever enjoy success.

Kam.—My son. What more remains?
The happiness that was your earliest hope,
By my devotions, and the skilful pains
Of my disciples, is at last ensured you.
The king and Nandana approve the suit
Of your dear friend, and hence no fear pevents
His union with his love. If yet there be
A wish ungratified, declare it, speak.!

Madh.—(*Bowing.*) My happiness henceforth is perfect: all
The wish I cherish more, is this; and may
Your favour, holy dame, grant it fruition —
Still may the virtuous be exempt from error,

And fast to virtue cling—may monarchs, merciful
And firm in equity, protect the earth—
May, in due season, from the labouring clouds
The fertile showers descend—and may the people,
Blest in their friends, their kindred, and their children,
Unknowing want, live cheerful and content.
[*Exeunt all.*

THE END.